THE GENUINE

WORKS

IN

VERSE AND PROSE,

Of the Right Honourable

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

LORD *LANSDOWNE.*

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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Wm Musgrave

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE PREFACE.

AT my Return, after near ten Years Abſence, I found ſeveral Editions had been publiſh'd of VERSES *and* POEMS, *&c.* under my Name, but ſo maimed and imperfect as would have put me out of Countenance, had not the Publick received them with ſuch diſtinguiſhing Candour, even under all thoſe Diſadvantages.

As it is plain from their ſeveral Subjects that they were compoſed for the moſt part in the earlieſt time of my appearance in the World, I can attribute that Indulgence to no other Conſideration but a generous connivance at youthful Follies.

So favourable a reception, however, led me, in this time of Leiſure and Retirement, to examine upon what Foundation I had been ſo much oblig'd to the Publick, and in that Examination I have diſcovered ſuch ſtrange Variations from the original Writing, as can no way be accounted for but from the Negligence, Ignorance, or Conceitedneſs of different Tranſcribers from ſurreptitious Copies: Many things attributed to my ſelf, of which, by not belonging to me, it would be unjuſt to aſſume the Merit; and as many attributed to others, which, by belonging to me, would be as much unjuſt to leave them to the Cenſure.

To rectify therefore all paſt Miſtakes, and to prevent all future Impoſitions, I have been prevailed upon to give way to this preſent Publication; diſowning whatever has been, or may hereafter be publiſhed in my Name, but what has the Sanction of being printed by

by Mr. *Jacob Tonſon* and Mr. *Lawto- -ver*; excepting two Comedies, ir- -nce *a Lover, and always a Lover*; and, JEW *of* VENICE, alter'd from *Shakeſpear*.

As theſe Poems ſeem to begin where Mr. *Waller* left off, tho' far unequal and ſhort of ſo inimitable an Original; they may however be permitted to remain to Poſterity as a faithful Regiſter of the reigning Beauties in the ſucceeding Age.

Upon that Merit alone the Author preſumes to recommend them to the Patronage of the fair Sex.

LANSDOWNE.

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TO THE

EARL *of* PETERBOROUGH,

ON HIS

Happy Accompliſhment of the Marriage between His ROYAL HIGHNESS *and the Princeſs* MARY D'ESTE *of* MODENA. *Written ſeveral Years after in Imitation of the Style of Mr.* WALLER.

HIS JUNO barren in unfruitful Joys,
Our BRITISH JOVE his Nuptial Hours employs:
So Fate ordains, That all our Hopes may be,
And all our Proſpect, gallant YORK, in THEE.

By the ſame Wiſh aſpiring Queens are led,
Each languiſhing to mount his Royal Bed;
His Youth, his Wiſdom, and his early Fame
Create in every Breaſt a Rival Flame:
Remoteſt Kings ſit trembling on their Thrones,
As if no Diſtance cou'd ſecure their Crowns;
Fearing his Valour, wiſely they contend
To bribe with Beauty ſo renown'd a Friend:
Beauty the Price, there need no other Arts,
LOVE is the ſureſt Bait for Heroes Hearts:
Nor can the FAIR conceal as high Concern,
To ſee the PRINCE, for whom, unſeen, they burn.
Brave YORK, attending to the general Voice,
At length reſolves to make the wiſht for Choice,
To noble MORDAUNT, generous and juſt,
Of his great Heart, he gives the ſacred Truſt:
"Thy Choice, ſaid he, ſhall well direct that Heart,
"Where Thou, my beſt belov'd, haſt ſuch a Part,
"In Council oft, and oft in Battle try'd,
"Betwixt thy MASTER, and the World decide.
The choſen MERCURY prepares t' obey
This high Command. Gently ye Winds convey
And with auſpicious Gales his Safety wait,
On whom depend GREAT BRITAIN's Hopes and Fate.
So JASON with his ARGONAUTS, from GREECE
To CHOLCOS ſail'd, to ſeek the Golden FLEECE.

As

As when the Goddeſſes came down of old
On IDA's Hill, ſo many Ages told,
With Gifts their young DARDANIAN Judge they try'd,
And each bad high to win him to her Side;
So tempt they him, and emulouſly vie
To bribe a Voice that Empires would not buy;
With Balls and Banquets, his pleas'd Senſe they bait,
And Queens and Kings upon his Pleaſures wait.
Th' impartial Judge ſurveys with vaſt Delight
All that the Sun ſurrounds of Fair and Bright,
Then, ſtrictly juſt, he with adoring Eyes,
To radiant ESTE', gives the ROYAL PRIZE.
Of Antique Stock her high Deſcent ſhe brings,
Born to renew the Race of BRITAIN's Kings;
Who could deſerve, like her, in whom we ſee
United, all that PARIS found in Three.
O equal Pair! when both were ſet above
All other Merit, but each other's LOVE.
Welcome, bright PRINCESS, to GREAT BRITAIN's Shore,
As BERECYNTHIA to high Heaven, who bore
That ſhining Race of Goddeſſes and Gods
That fill'd the Skies, and rul'd the bleſt Abodes:
From Thee, my Muſe expects as noble Themes,
Another MARS and JOVE, another JAMES;

Our future Hopes, all from thy Womb ariſe;
Our preſent Joy and Safety, from your Eyes,
Thoſe charming Eyes, which ſhine to reconcile
To Harmony and Peace, our ſtubborn Iſle.
On brazen MEMNON, PHOEBUS caſts a Ray,
And the tough Metal, ſo ſalutes the Day.
The BRITISH DAME, fam'd for reſiſtleſs Grace,
Contends not now, but for the Second Place,
Our Love ſuſpended, we neglect the Fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So ſang the SIRENS with enchanting Sound,
Enticing all to liſten and be drown'd;
'Till ORPHEUS raviſh'd in a nobler Strain,
They ceas'd to Sing, or Singing, charm'd in vain.
This bleſt Alliance, PETERBOROW, may
Th' indebted Nation bounteouſly repay;
Thy Statues, for the GENIUS of our Land,
With Palm adorn'd, on every Threſhold ſtand.

---------- *Utinam modò dicere poſſem*
Carmina digna Deâ: Certè eſt Dea carmine digna:

Spoken

Spoken by the AUTHOR, *being then not Twelve Years of Age, to her* ROYAL HIGHNESS *the* Dutcheſs *of* YORK, *at* Trinity-College *in* CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN join'd in one, the Good, the Fair, the Great,
Deſcend to view the Muſes humble Seat,
Tho' in mean Lines, they their vaſt Joys declare,
Yet for Sincerity and Truth, they dare
With your own TASSO's mighty Self compare.
Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them ſuch Praiſes, as to Heav'n they give,
Their Praiſes for that gentle Influence,
Which thoſe auſpicious Lights, Your Eyes, diſpenſe;
Thoſe radiant Eyes, whoſe irreſiſtleſs Flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing Multitudes give Law,
Convert the Factious, and the Rebel awe;
They conquer for the DUKE, where-e'er You tread;
Millions of Proſelytes, behind are led;
Thro' Crowds of new-made Converts ſtill you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious Show.
Happy that PRINCE who has in You obtain'd
A greater Conqueſt, than his Arms e'er gain'd.

With all WAR's Rage, he may Abroad o'ercome,
But LOVE's a gentler Victory at Home;
Securely here, He on that Face relies,
Lays by his Arms, and conquers with Your Eyes.
And all the glorious Actions of his Life,
Thinks well rewarded, bleſt with ſuch a WIFE.

To the KING.

In the Firſt Year of His MAJESTY'S *Reign.*

MAY all thy Years, like this, auſpicious be,
And bring thee Crowns, and Peace, and Victory!
Scarce had'ſt thou time t'unſheath thy conqu'ring Blade,
It did but glitter, and the Rebels fled:
Thy Sword, the Safe-guard of thy Brother's Throne,
Is now as much the Bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy Fame, the trembling Nations ſend
Throughout the World, to court ſo firm a Friend.
The guilty Senates, that refus'd thy Sway,
Repent their Crime, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and Vows and Off'rings bring,
Confeſs their Phrenzy, and confirm their KING,
Who with their Venom over-ſpread thy Soil,
Thoſe Scorpions of the State, preſent their Oil.

So

So the World's SAVIOUR, like a Mortal dreſt,
Altho' by daily Miracles confeſt,
Accus'd of evil Doctrine by the *Jews*,
The giddy Crowd their rightful PRINCE refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch Terror in the Skies,
The Temple rent, their KING in Glory riſe;
Seiz'd with Amaze, they own'd their lawful LORD,
And ſtruck with Guilt, bow'd, trembl'd, and ador'd.

To the KING.

THO' train'd in Arms, and learn'd in martial Arts,
Thou chooſeſt, not to conquer Men, but Hearts;
Expecting Nations for thy Triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'ſt the Name of JUST to GREAT.
So JOVE ſuſpends his ſubject World to Doom,
Which, would he pleaſe to THUNDER, he'd conſume.
O! could the Ghoſts of mighty Heroes dead,
Return on Earth, and quit th' *Elyſian* Shade!
BRUTUS to JAMES would truſt the Peoples Cauſe;
Thy JUSTICE is a ſtronger Guard than LAWS.
MARIUS and SYLLA would reſign to Thee,
Nor CÆSAR and great POMPEY Rivals be;
Or Rivals only, who ſhould beſt obey,
And CATO give his Voice for Regal Sway.

To the KING.

HEROES of old, by Rapine, and by Spoil,
In Search of Fame, did all the World embroil;
Thus to their Gods each then ally'd his Name,
This ſprang from JOVE, and that from TITAN came:
With equal Valour, and the ſame Succeſs,
Dread KING, might'ſt thou the Univerſe oppreſs;
But Chriſtian Laws conſtrain thy martial Pride,
Peace is thy Choice, and Piety thy Guide;
By Thy Example Kings are taught to ſway,
Heroes to fight, and Saints may learn to pray.
From Gods deſcended, and of Race Divine,
NESTOR in Council, and ULYSSES ſhine;
But in a Day of Battle, all would yield
To the fierce Maſter of the ſeven-fold Shield:
Their very Deities were grac'd no more,
MARS had the Courage, JOVE the Thunder bore.
But all Perfections meet in JAMES alone,
And BRITAIN's KING is all the Gods in One.

To the AUTHOR, *on his foregoing Verſes to the the* KING. *By Mr.* EDMUND WALLER.

AN early Plant, which ſuch a Bloſſom bears,
And ſhows a Genius, ſo beyond his Years,
A Judgment that could make ſo fair a Choice,
So high a Subject, to employ his Voice;
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing Greatneſs of our matchleſs KING.

ANSWER. *To Mr.* WALLER.

WHEN into LIBYA the young GRECIAN came,
To talk with HAMMON, and conſult for Fame;
When from the Sacred Tripod where he ſtood,
The Prieſt inſpir'd, ſaluted him a God;
Scarce ſuch a Joy that haughty Victor knew,
Thus own'd by Heaven, as I, thus prais'd by You.
Whoe'er their Names can in thy Numbers ſhow,
Have more than Empire, and Immortal grow;
Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the Pow'rs of old,
When in thy Verſe, of greater Gods they're told;
Our beauteous QUEEN, and Royal JAMES's Name,
For JOVE and JUNO ſhall be plac'd by Fame;

Thy CHARLES for NEPTUNE, ſhall the Seas com-
And SACARISSA ſhall for VENUS ſtand: [mand,
GREECE ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty ROME,
But think from BRITAIN all the Gods did come.

To the IMMORTAL MEMORY of
Mr. *EDMUND WALLER,*
Upon his DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of Celeſtial Fire,
Poets and Heroes to Renown aſpire,
'Till crown'd with Honour, and immortal Name,
By Wit, or Valour, led to equal Fame,
They mingle with the Gods who breath'd the noble Flame.
To high Exploits, the Praiſes that belong,
Live, but as nouriſh'd by the Poet's Song.
A Tree of Life is ſacred Poetry,
Sweet is the Fruit, and tempting to the Eye;
Many there are, who nibble without Leave,
But none who are not born to Taſte, ſurvive.
WALLER ſhall never die, of Life ſecure,
As long as Fame, or aged Time endure.

WALLER

WALLER, the Muſe's Darling, free to taſte
Of all their Stores, the MASTER of the FEAST;
Not like old ADAM, ſtinted in his Choice,
But Lord of all the ſpacious Paradiſe.

Thoſe Foes to Virtue, Fortune, and Mankind,
Fav'ring his Fame, ONCE, to do Juſtice join'd;
No carping Critick interrupts his Praiſe;
No Rival ſtrives, but for a ſecond Place;
No Want conſtrain'd; (the Writer's uſual Fate)
A Poet with a plentiful Eſtate;
The firſt of Mortals who before the Tomb,
Struck that pernicious Monſter, ENVY, dumb;
MALICE and PRIDE, thoſe Savages, diſarm'd;
Not ORPHEUS with ſuch powerful Magick charm'd.
Scarce in the Grave can we allow him more,
Than living we agreed to give before.

His noble Muſe employ'd her generous Rage
In crowning Virtue, ſcorning to engage
The Vice and Follies of an impious Age.
No Satyr lurks within this hallow'd Ground,
But Nymphs and Heroines, Kings and Gods abound;
Glory, and Arms, and Love, is all the Sound.
His EDEN with no Serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Miſtaken Men, his Muſe of Flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious Tyrant's Name,

We

We raiſe our own, by giving Fame to Foes;
The Valour that he prais'd, he did oppoſe.
Nor were his Thoughts to Poetry confin'd,
The State, and Buſineſs ſhar'd his ample Mind;
As all the Fair were Captives to his Wit,
So Senates to his Wiſdom would ſubmit;
His Voice ſo ſoft, his Eloquence ſo ſtrong,
Like CATO's was his Speech, like OVID's was his Song.
Our BRITISH Kings are rais'd above the Herſe,
Immortal made, in his immortal Verſe;
No more are MARS and JOVE Poetick Themes,
But the celeſtial CHARLES's, and juſt JAMES:
JUNO and PALLAS, all the ſhining Race
Of heavenly Beauties, to the QUEEN give place:
Clear, like her Brow, and graceful was his Song,
Great, like her Mind, and like her Vertue ſtrong.
Parent of Gods, who do'ſt to Gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd? And which thy Seat above?
WALLER, the God of Verſe, we will proclaim,
Not PHOEBUS now, but WALLER be his Name;
Of joyful Bards, the ſweet Seraphick Quire
Acknowledge thee their Oracle and Sire;
The Spheres do Homage, and the Muſes ſing
WALLER, the God of Verſe, who was the KING.

To

To MYRA.

Loving at firſt Sight.

NO Warning of th' approaching Flame,
Swiftly, like ſudden Death, it came;
Like Travellers, by Light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the Moment I beheld.

In whom ſo many Charms are plac'd,
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
The Caſe ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt Gems, and Gold.

To what my Eyes admir'd before,
I add a thouſand Graces more;
And Fancy blows into a Flame,
The Spark that from her Beauty came.

The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
By my own Image I am caught;
PYGMALION ſo, with fatal Art
Poliſh'd the Form that ſtung his Heart.

To MYRA.

WARN'D, and made wiſe by others Flame,
I fled from whence ſuch Miſchiefs came,
Shunning the Sex, that kills at Sight,
I ſought my Safety in my Flight.
But ah! in vain from Fate we fly,
For firſt, or laſt, as all muſt die;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That firſt, or laſt, we all muſt love.
My Heart which ſtood ſo long the Shock
Of Winds and Waves, like ſome firm Rock,
By one bright Spark from MYRA thrown,
Is into Flame, like Powder, blown.

SONG. To MYRA.

FOOLISH Love, be gone, ſaid I,
Vain are thy Attempts on me;
Thy ſoft Allurements I defy,
Women, thoſe fair Diſſemblers, fly,
My Heart was never made for thee.

LOVE

LOVE heard; and ſtraight prepar'd a Dart;
MYRA, revenge my Cauſe, ſaid he:
Too ſure 'twas ſhot, I feel the Smart,
It rends my Brain, and tears my Heart;
O LOVE! my Conqu'rer, pity me.

An IMITATION *of the Second Chorus in the Second Act of* SENECA's THYESTES.

WHEN will the Gods, propitious to our Pray'rs,
Compoſe our Factions, and conclude our Wars?
Ye Sons of INACHUS, repent the Guilt
Of Crowns uſurp'd, and Blood of Parents ſpilt;
For impious Greatneſs, Vengeance is in ſtore;
Short is the Date of all ill-gotten Pow'r.
Give ear, ambitious Princes, and be wiſe;
Liſten, and learn wherein true Greatneſs lies:
Place not your Pride in Roofs that ſhine with Gems,
In purple Robes, nor ſparkling Diadems;
Nor in Dominion, nor Extent of Land:
He's only Great, who can himſelf command,
Whoſe Guard is peaceful Innocence, whoſe Guide
Is faithful Reaſon; who is void of Pride,
Checking Ambition; nor is idly vain
Of the falſe Incenſe of a popular Train;

Who

Who without Strife, or Envy, can behold
His Neighbour's Plenty, and his Heaps of Gold;
Nor covets other Wealth, but what we find
In the Poſſeſſions of a virtuous Mind.

Fearleſs He ſees, who is with Virtue crown'd,
The Tempeſt rage, and hears the Thunder ſound;
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
On the red Scaffold, or the blazing Throne;
Serenely, as he liv'd, reſigns his Breath,
Meets DESTINY half way, nor ſhrinks at Death.

Ye ſovereign Lords, who ſit like Gods in State,
Awing the World, and buſtling to be great;
Lords but in Title, Vaſſals in Effect,
Whom Luſt controuls, and wild Deſires direct;
The Reigns of Empire but ſuch Hands diſgrace,
Where Paſſion, a blind Driver, guides the Race.

What is this Fame, thus crowded round with Slaves?
The Breath of Fools, the Bait of flatt'ring Knaves:
An honeſt Heart, a Conſcience free from Blame,
Not of great ACTS, but GOOD, give me the Name:
In vain we plant, we build, our Stores increaſe,
If Conſcience roots up all our inward Peace.
What need of Arms, or Inſtruments of War,
Or batt'ring Engines that deſtroy from far?
The greateſt King, and Conqueror is He,
Who Lord of his own Appetites can be;

Bleſt

Bleſt with a Pow'r that nothing can deſtroy,
And all have equal Freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly Luxury, and Pomps allure,
They tred on Ice, and find no Footing ſure:
Place me, ye Pow'rs! in ſome obſcure Retreat,
O! keep me innocent, make others great:
In quiet Shades, content with rural Sports,
Give me a Life remote from guilty Courts,
Where free from Hopes or Fears, in humble Eaſe,
Unheard of, I may live and die in Peace.
Happy the Man who thus retir'd from Sight,
Studies himſelf and ſeeks no other Light:
But moſt unhappy he, who ſits on high,
Expos'd to every Tongue and every Eye;
Whoſe Follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a Secret to himſelf alone:
Worſe is an evil Fame, much worſe than none.

A LOYAL EXHORTATION. *Written in the Year* 1688.

OF Kings dethron'd, and Blood of Brethren ſpilt,
In vain, O BRITAIN! you'd avert the Guilt;
If Crimes which your Fore-Fathers bluſh'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier Vengeance down.

Tremble,

Tremble, ye People who your Kings diſtreſs,
Tremble, ye Kings, for People you oppreſs;
Th' Eternal ſees, arm'd with his forky Rods,
The Riſe and Fall of Empire's from the Gods.

VERSES *ſent to the* AUTHOR *in his Retirement. Written by Mrs.* ELIZABETH HIGGONS.

I.

WHY, GRANVILLE, is thy Life to Shades confin'd,
Thou whom the Gods deſign'd
In Publick to do Credit to Mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble Ardour of thy Blood,
Which from thy Anceſtors, ſo many Ages paſt,
From ROLLO down to BEVIL flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt?
In thee, when thy victorious Lance
Bore the diſputed Prize from all the Youth of FRANCE.

II.

In the firſt Trials which are made for Fame,
Thoſe to whom Fate Succeſs denies,
If taking Counſel from their Shame,
They modeſtly retreat, are wiſe.

But

But why ſhould you who ſtill ſucceed,
Whether with graceful Art you lead
The fiery Barb, or with as graceful Motion tread,
In ſhining Balls, where all agree
To give the higheſt Praiſe to thee.
Such Harmony in every Motion's found,
As Art could ne'er expreſs by any Sound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from Courts and Camps retire?
If MYRA is unkind, if it can be,
That any Nymph can be unkind to thee;
If penſive made by Love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muſe, and ſtring your Lyre;
Your tender Song, and your melodious Strain
Can never be addreſt in vain;
She needs muſt love, and we ſhall have you back again.

Occaſion'd by the foregoing VERSES. *Written in the Year* 1690.

CEASE, tempting SIREN, ceaſe thy flatt'ring Strain,
Sweet is thy charming Song, but ſung in vain:

When

When the Winds blow, and loud the Tempeſts roar,
What Fool would truſt the Waves, and quit the Shore?
Early, and vain, into the World I came,
Big with falſe Hopes, and eager after Fame;
Till looking round me, 'ere the Race began,
Madmen, and giddy Fools, were all that ran;
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the Liſts retire,
And thank the Gods whom my Retreat inſpire.
In happier Times our Anceſtors were bred,
When Virtue was the only Path to tread:
Give me, ye Gods! but the ſame Road to Fame,
Whate'er my Fathers dar'd, I dare the ſame.
Chang'd is the Scene, ſome baneful Planet rules
An impious World, contriv'd for Knaves and Fools.
Look now around, and with impartial Eyes
Conſider, and examine all who riſe;
Weigh well their Actions, and their treach'rous Ends,
How Greatneſs grows, and by what Steps aſcends;
What Murders, Treaſons, Perjuries, Deceit;
How many cruſh'd, to make one Monſter great.
Would you command? Have FORTUNE in your Pow'r?
Hug when you ſtab, and ſmile when you devour?
Be bloody, falſe, flatter, forſwear, and lye,
Turn Pander, Pathick, Paraſite, or Spy;
Such thriving Arts may your wiſh'd Purpoſe bring,
A Miniſter at leaſt, perhaps a KING.

FORTUNE,

FORTUNE, we moſt unjuſtly partial call,
A Miſtreſs free, who bids alike to all;
But on ſuch Terms as only ſuit the Baſe,
Honour denies and ſhuns the foul Embrace.
The honeſt Man, who ſtarves and is undone,
Not FORTUNE, but his Vertue keeps him down.
Had CATO bent beneath the conq'ring Cauſe,
He might have liv'd to give new Senates Laws;
But on vile Terms diſdaining to be great,
He periſh'd by his Choice, and not his Fate.
Honours and Life, th' Uſurper bids, and all
That vain miſtaken Men GOOD-FORTUNE call,
Virtue forbids, and ſets before his Eyes
An honeſt Death, which he accepts, and dies:
O glorious Reſolution! Noble Pride!
More honour'd, than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his Doom,
Than CÆSAR trampling on the Rights of ROME.
The Virtuous Nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
And Death's a pleaſant Road that leads to Fame.
On Bones, and Scraps of Dogs let me be fed,
My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head
To bleakeſt Colds, a Kennel be my Bed.
This, and all other Martyrdom for thee,
Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous Honeſty!

Judge

Judge me, ye Pow'rs! Let FORTUNE tempt or frown,
I ſtand prepar'd, my Honour is my own.
Ye great Diſturbers, who in endleſs Noiſe,
In Blood and Rapine ſeek unnatural Joys;
For what is all this Buſtle but to ſhun
Thoſe Thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As Men in Miſery, oppreſt with Care,
Seek in the Rage of Wine to drown Deſpair.
Let others fight, and eat their Bread in Blood,
Regardleſs if the Cauſe be bad or good;
Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods
Of ſtrutting Pygmies who would paſs for Gods.
For me, unpractis'd in the Courtiers School,
Who loath a Knave, and tremble at a Fool;
Who honour generous WYCHERLY oppreſt,
Poſſeſt of little, worthy of the beſt,
Rich in himſelf, in Virtue that outſhines
All but the Fame of his immortal Lines,
More than the wealthieſt Lord, who helps to drain
The famiſh'd Land, and rouls in impious Gain;
What can I hope in Courts? Or how ſucceed?
Tygers and Wolves ſhall in the Ocean breed,
The Whale and Dolphin fatten on the Mead;
And every Element exchange its Kind,
Ere thriving Honeſty in Courts we find.

Happy

Happy the Man, of Mortals happieſt He,
Whoſe quiet Mind from vain Deſires is free;
Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment,
But lives at Peace, within himſelf content,
In Thought, or Act, accountable to none,
But to himſelf, and to the Gods alone:
O Sweetneſs of Content! Seraphick Joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.

Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the Mind?
Where, but in Shades remote from Human kind;
In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet,
But never comes within the Palace Gate.
Farewell then Cities, Courts, and Camps, farewell,
Welcome, ye Groves, here let me ever dwell,
From Cares, from Buſineſs, and Mankind remove,
All but the MUSES, and inſpiring LOVE:
How ſweet the Morn! How gentle is the Night!
How calm the Evening! And the Day how bright!

FROM hence, as from a Hill, I view below
The crowded World, a mighty Wood in ſhow,
Where ſeveral Wand'rers travel Day and Night
By different Paths, and none are in the Right.

SONG.

SONG.

LOVE is by Fancy led about
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt;
Whom we now an Angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature;
Love and Hate are Fancy all.
'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of Grief, or of Content,
That the Lover's bleſt, or dies:
Viſions of mighty Pain, or Pleaſure,
Imagin'd Want, imagin'd Treaſure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY *and* LAW.

A Poetical Pleading.

King CHARLES II. *having made a Grant of the Reverſion of an Office in the Court of* King's Bench, *to his Son the Duke of* GRAFTON; *the Lord Chief Juſtice laying Claim to it, as a Perquiſite legally belonging to his Office, the Cauſe came to be heard before the Houſe of Lords, between the Dutcheſs Relict of the ſaid Duke, and the Chief Juſtice.*

THE Princes ſat; Beauty and Law contend;
The QUEEN of Love will her own Cauſe defend:
Secure ſhe looks, as certain none can ſee
Such Beauty plead, and not her Captive be.

What need of Words with ſuch commanding Eyes?
Muſt I then ſpeak? O Heavn's! the Charmer cries;
O barbarous Clime! where Beauty borrows Aid
From Eloquence, to charm, or to perſuade!
Will Diſcord never leave with envious Care
To raiſe Debate? But Diſcord governs here.
To JUNO, PALLAS, Wiſdom, Fame, and Power,
Long ſince preferr'd, what Trial needs there more?
Confeſs'd to Sight, three Goddeſſes deſcend
On IDA's Hill, and for a Prize contend;
Nobly they bid, and laviſhly purſue
A Gift, that only could be Beauty's Due:
Honours and Wealth the generous Judge denies,
And gives the Triumph to the brighteſt Eyes.
Such Precedents are numberleſs, we draw
Our Right from Cuſtom; Cuſtom is a Law
As high as Heaven, as wide as Seas or Land;
As ancient as the World is our Command.
MARS an ALCIDES would this Plea allow:
Beauty was ever abſolute till now.
It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
And, right or wrong, he ſhould his Claim reſign:
Not Bears nor Tygers ſure ſo ſavage are,
As theſe ill-manner'd Monſters of the Bar.

* Loud

* Loud Rumour has proclaim'd a Nymph divine,
Whoſe matchleſs Form, to counter-balance mine,
By Dint of Beauty ſhall extort your Grace:
Let her appear, This Rival, Face to Face;
Let Eyes to Eyes oppos'd this Strife decide;
Now, when I lighten, let her Beams be try'd.
Was't a vain Promiſe, and a Gown-Man's Lye?
Or ſtands She here, un-mark'd, when I am by?
So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all ELYS round
Another JUPITER was ſaid to ſound;
On brazen Floors the royal Actor tries
To ape the Thunder rattling in the Skies;
A brandiſh'd Torch, with emulating Blaze,
Affects the forky Lightning's pointed Rays:
Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
Thro' crowds of Worſhippers, and acts the God.
The Sire omnipotent prepares the Brand,
By VULCAN wrought, and arms his potent Hand;
Then flaming hurls it hiſſing from above,
And in the vaſt Abyſs confounds the mimick JOVE.

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* *A Report ſpread of a beautiful young Lady, Niece to the Lord Chief Juſtice, who would appear at the Bar of the Houſe of Lords, and eclipſe the Charms of the Dutcheſs of* GRAFTON: *No ſuch Lady was ſeen there, nor perhaps ever in any Part of the World.*

Preſumptuous Wretch! with mortal Art to dare
Immortal Pow'r, and brave the Thunderer!
CASSIOPE, preferring with Diſdain,
Her Daughter to the NEREIDS, they complain;
The Daughter, for the Mother's guilty Scorn,
Is doom'd to be devour'd; the Mother's borne
Above the Clouds, where, by immortal Light,
Reverſt ſhe ſhines, expos'd to human Sight,
And to a ſhameful Poſture is confin'd,
As an eternal Terror to Mankind.
Did thus the Gods ſuch private Nymphs reſpect?
What Vengeance might the Queen of LOVE expect?
But grant ſuch arbitrary Pleas are vain,
Wav'd let them be; meer Juſtice ſhall obtain.
Who to a Husband juſtlier can ſucceed,
Than the ſoft Partner of his Nuptial Bed;
Or to a Father's Right lay ſtronger Claim,
Than the dear Youth in whom ſurvives his Name?
Behold that Youth, conſider whence he ſprings,
And in his Royal Veins reſpect your Kings:
Immortal JOVE, upon a mortal She,
Begat his Sire: Second from JOVE is He.
Well did the Father blindly fight your Cauſe,
Following the Cry ---- of LIBERTY and LAWS,

If

If by thoſe Laws, for which he loſt his Life *,
You ſpoil, ungratefully, the Son and Wife.
What need I more? 'Tis Treaſon to diſpute:
The Grant was Royal; That decides the Suit.
" Shall vulgar Laws, Imperial Pow'r conſtrain?
" KINGS, and the GODS, can never act in vain.
She finiſh'd here, the Queen of every Grace
Diſdain vermilioning her heavenly Face:
Our Hearts take fire, and all in Tumult riſe,
And one Wiſh ſparkles in a thouſand Eyes.
O! might ſome Champion finiſh theſe Debates!
My Sword ſhall end, what now my Pen relates.
Up roſe the Judge, on each ſide bending low,
A crafty Smile accompanies his Bow;
ULYSSES like, a gentle Pauſe he makes,
Then, raiſing by degrees his Voice, he ſpeaks.
In you, my Lords, who judge; and all who hear,
Methinks I read your Wiſhes for the Fair;
Nor can I wonder, even I contend
With inward Pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy! thus oblig'd to a Defence,
That may diplſeaſe ſuch heav'nly Excellence.
Might we the Laws on any Terms abuſe,
So bright an Influence were the beſt Excuſe;

* *The Duke of* GRAFTON, *ſlain at the Siege of* Cork *in* Ireland, *about the beginning of the Revolution.*

* Let NIOBE's juſt Fate, the vile Diſgrace
† Of the PROPOETIDES polluted Race;
Let Death, or Shame, or Lunacy ſurprize,
Who dare to match the Luſtre of thoſe Eyes?
Aloud the faireſt of the Sex complain
Of Captives loſt, and Loves invok'd in vain;
At her Appearance all their Glory ends,
And not a Star, but ſets, when ſhe aſcends.

Where Love preſides, ſtill may ſhe bear the Prize;
But rigid Law has neither Ears nor Eyes:
Charms, to which MARS, and HERCULES would bow,
* MINOS and RHADAMANTHUS diſavow.
Juſtice, by nothing bias'd, or inclin'd,
Deaf to Perſuaſion, to Temptation blind,
Determines without Favour, and the Laws
O'erlook the Parties, to decide the Cauſe.
What then avails it, that a beardleſs Boy
Took a raſh Fancy for a female Toy?

---

* Niobe *turn'd into a Stone for preſuming to compare her-ſelf with* Diana.

† Propœtides, *certain Virgins, who for affronting* Venus, *were condemn'd to open Proſtitution, and afterwards turn'd into Stone.*

* Minos *and* Rhadamanthus, *famous Legiſlators, who for their ſtrict Adminiſtration of Juſtice, were after their Deaths made chief Judges in the infernal Regions.*

Th' inſulted ARGIVES, with a numerous Hoſt,
Purſue Revenge and ſeek the DARDAN Coaſt;
Tho' the Gods built, and tho' the Gods defend
Thoſe lofty Tow'rs, the hoſtile GREEKS aſcend;
Nor leave they, till the Town in Aſhes lies,
And all the Race of Royal PRIAM dies:
* The Queen of PAPHOS, mixing in the Fray,
Rallies the Troops, and urges on the Day;
In Perſon, in the foremoſt Ranks ſhe ſtands,
Provokes the Charge, directs, aſſiſts, commands;
Stern DIOMED, advancing high in Air,
His lofty Jav'lin ſtrikes the heavenly Fair;
The vaulted Skies with her loud Shrieks reſound,
And high OLYMPUS trembles at the Wound.
In Cauſes juſt, would all the Gods oppoſe.
'Twere honeſt to diſpute; ſo CATO choſe.
Diſmiſs that Plea, and what ſhall Blood avail?
If Beauty is deny'd, ſhall Birth prevail?
Blood, and high Deeds, in diſtant Ages done,
Are our Fore-fathers Merit, not our own.
Might none a juſt Poſſeſſion be allow'd,
But who could bring Deſert, or boaſt of Blood?
What Numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd, and deſpoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd?

* Venus.

Take a juſt View, how many may remark,
Who now's a Peer, his Grand-Sire was a Clerk:
Some few remain, enobled by the Sword
In GOTHICK Times: But now to be My Lord,
Study the Law; nor do theſe Robes deſpiſe;
Honour the Gown, from whence your Honours riſe.
Thoſe fam'd Dictators, who ſubdu'd the Globe,
Gave the Precedence to the peaceful Robe;
The mighty JULIUS, pleading at the Bar,
Was greater, than when thund'ring in the War
He conquer'd Nations: 'Tis of more Renown
To ſave a Client, than to ſtorm a Town.

How dear to BRITAIN are her darling Laws!
What Blood has ſhe not laviſh'd in their Cauſe!
Kings are like common Slaves to Slaughter led,
Or wander thro' the World to beg their Bread.
" When Regal Pow'r aſpires above the Laws,
" A private Wrong becomes a publick Cauſe.

He ſpoke. The Nobles differ, and divide,
Some join with Law, and ſome with Beauty ſide.
MORDAUNT, tho' once her Slave, inſults the Fair,
Whoſe Fetters 'twas his Pride, in Youth, to wear:
So LUCIFER revolting, brav'd the Pow'r
Whom he was wont to worſhip and implore.
Like impious is their Rage, who have in chace
A new Omnipotence in GRAFTON's Face.

But

But ROCHESTER, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe,
Aſſerts the Goddeſs with the Charming Eyes;
And O! may Beauty never want Reward
For thee, her noble Champion, and her Guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law ſubmitting lies,
The Tyrant tam'd, aloud for Mercy cries;
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant GRAFTON's Eyes.

LADY *HYDE.**

WHEN fam'd APELLES ſought to frame
Some Image of th' IDALIAN Dame,
To furniſh Graces for the Piece,
He ſummon'd all the Nymphs of GREECE;
So many Mortals were combin'd,
To ſhew how one Immortal ſhin'd.
Had HYDE thus ſat by Proxy too,
As VENUS then was ſaid to do,
VENUS her ſelf, and all the Train
Of Goddeſſes had ſummon'd been;
The Painter muſt have ſearch'd the Skies,
To match the Luſtre of her Eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient VENUS, and the New;

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* *Afterwards Counteſs of* Clarendon *and* Rocheſter.

In Her we many Mortals ſee,
As many Goddeſſes in Thee.

Lady HYDE *having the Small-Pox, ſoon after the Recovery of Mrs.* MOHUN

SCARCE could the general Joy for MOHUN appear,
But new Attempts ſhew other Dangers near;
Beauty's attack'd in her imperial Fort,
Where all her Loves and Graces kept their Court;
In her chief Reſidence, beſieg'd at laſt,
Laments to ſee her faireſt Fields laid waſte.

On things immortal, all Attempts are vain;
Tyrant Diſeaſe, 'tis Loſs of Time and Pain;
Glut thy wild Rage, and load thee with rich Prize
Torn from her Cheeks, her fragrant Lips, and Eyes:
Let her but live; as much Vermilion take,
As might a HELEN, or a VENUS make;
Like THETIS, ſhe ſhall fruſtrate thy vain Rape,
And in variety of Charms eſcape.

The twinkling Stars, drop numberleſs each Night,
Yet ſhines the radiant Firmament as bright;
So from the Ocean ſhould we Rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the World remain.

The Dutcheſs of ——, unſeaſonably ſurpriz'd in the Embraces of her Lord.

FAIREST ZELINDA, ceaſe to chide, or grieve;
Nor bluſh at Joys that only you can give;
Who with bold Eyes ſurvey'd thoſe matchleſs Charms,
Is puniſh'd, ſeeing in another's Arms:
With greedy Looks he views each naked Part,
Joy feeds his Eyes, but Envy tears his Heart.
So caught was MARS, and MERCURY aloud
Proclaim'd his Grief, that he was not the God;
So to be caught, was every God's Deſire:
Nor leſs than VENUS, can ZELINDA fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heavenly fair,
Forgive his Raſhneſs, puniſh'd by Deſpair;
All that we know, which wretched Mortals feel
In thoſe ſad Regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is, that they ſee the Raptures of the Bleſs'd,
And view the Joys which they muſt never taſte.

To FLAVIA.

Written on her Garden in the North, &c.

WHAT Charm is this, that in the midſt of Snow,
Of Storms, and Blaſts, the choiceſt Fruits do grow?
Melons,

Melons, on Beds of Ice are taught to bear,
And Strangers to the Sun, yet ripen here;
On frozen Ground the ſweeteſt Flow'rs ariſe,
Unſeen by any Light, but FLAVIA's Eyes;
Where-e'er ſhe treads, beneath the Charmer's Feet,
The Roſe, the Jeſs'min, and the Lilies meet;
Where-e'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden Birth
Adorns the Trees, and fructifies the Earth;
In midſt of Mountains, and unfruitful Ground,
As rich an EDEN as the firſt is found.
In this new Paradiſe the Goddeſs reigns,
In ſovereign State, and mocks the Lover's Pains;
Beneath thoſe Beams that ſcorch us from her Eyes,
Her ſnowy Boſom ſtill unmelted lies;
LOVE from her Lips ſpreads all his Odours round,
But bears on Ice, and ſprings from frozen Ground.
So cold the Clime that can ſuch Wonders bear,
The Garden ſeems an Emblem of the Fair.

To the ſame. Her Gardens having eſcap'd a Flood that had laid all the Country round under Water.

WHAT Hands divine have planted and protect,
The Torrent ſpares, and Deluges reſpect;

So

So when the Waters o'er the World were ſpread,
Cov'ring each Oak, and ev'ry Mountain's Head,
The choſen Patriarch ſail'd within his Ark,
Nor might the Waves o'erwhelm the ſacred Bark.
The charming FLAVIA is no leſs, we find,
The Favourite of Heaven, than of Mankind;
The Gods, like Rivals, imitate our Care,
And vie with Mortals to oblige the Fair;
Theſe Favours thus beſtow'd on her alone,
Are but the Homage which they ſend her down.
O FLAVIA! may thy Virtue from above
Be crown'd with Bleſſings, endleſs as my Love.

To my Friend Dr. GARTH.

In his Sickneſs.

MACHAON ſick, in every Face we find,
His Danger is the Danger of Mankind;
Whoſe Art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.
More Lives he ſaves, than periſh in our Wars,
And faſter than a Plague deſtroys, repairs.
The bold Carouſer, and advent'rous Dame,
Nor fear the Fever, nor refuſe the Flame;

Safe

Safe in his Skill, from all Reſtraint ſet free,
But conſcious Shame, Remorſe, or Piety.
* SIRE of all Arts, defend thy darling Son;
O! ſave the Man whoſe Life's ſo much our own!
On whom, like ATLAS, the whole World's reclin'd,
And by reſtoring GARTH, preſerve Mankind.

To my dear Kinſman
CHARLES Lord *LANSDOWNE*,
Upon the Bombardment of the Town of GRANVILLE *in* NORMANDY, *by the* ENGLISH *Fleet.*

THo' built by Gods, conſum'd by hoſtile Flame,
TROY bury'd lies, yet lives the TROJAN Name;
And ſo ſhall thine, tho' with theſe Walls were loſt
All the Records our Anceſtors could boaſt.
For LATIUM conquer'd, and for TURNUS ſlain,
ÆNEAS lives, tho' not one Stone remain
Where he aroſe: Nor art thou leſs renown'd
For thy loud Triumphs on HUNGARIAN Ground.

Apollo, *God of* Poetry *and* Phyſick.

* Thoſe

* Thoſe Arms which for nine Centuries had brav'd
The Wrath of Time, on antick Stone engrav'd,
Now torn by Mortars, ſtand yet undefac'd
On nobler Trophies, by thy Valour rais'd:
† Safe on thy Eagle's Wings they ſoar above
The Rage of War, or Thunder to remove,
Borne by the Bird of CÆSAR, and of JOVE.

LADY *HYDE*

Sitting at Sir GODFREY KNELLER'S *for her Picture.*

WHILE KNELLER, with inimitable Art,
Attempts that Face whoſe Print's on every Heart,
The Poet, with a Pencil leſs confin'd,
Shall paint her Virtues, and deſcribe her Mind,
Unlock the Shrine, and to the Sight unfold
The ſecret Gems, and all the inward Gold.
Two only Patterns do the MUSES name,
Of perfect Beauty, but of guilty Fame;

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* *The* GRANVILLE *Arms ſtill remaining at that time on one of the Gates of the Town.*

† *He was created a Count of the Empire, the Family Arms to be borne for ever upon the Breaſt of the Imperial Spread-Eagle.*

A VENUS, and a HELEN have been ſeen,
Both perjur'd Wives, the Goddeſs and the Queen:
In this the Third, are reconcil'd at laſt
Thoſe jarring Attributes of FAIR and CHASTE,
With Graces that attract, but not enſnare,
Divinely good, as ſhe's divinely fair;
With beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud;
With Greatneſs, eaſy, affable, and good:
Others by guilty Artifice, and Arts
Of promis'd Kindneſs, practiſe on our Hearts,
With Expectation blow the Paſſion up;
She fans the Fire, without one Gale of Hope,
Like the chaſte Moon, ſhe ſhines to all Mankind,
But to ENDYMION is her Love confin'd.
What cruel Deſtiny on Beauty waits,
When on one Face depend ſo many Fates!
Oblig'd by Honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy Men by Thouſands are undone.

To Mrs. GRANVILLE *of* Wotton *in* Buckinghamſhire; *afterwards Lady* CONWAY.

LOVE, like a Tyrant whom no Laws conſtrain,
Now for ſome Ages kept the World in Pain;

Beauty,

Beauty, by vaſt Deſtructions got Renown,
And Lovers only by their Rage were known:
But GRANVILLE, more auſpicious to Mankind,
Conqu'ring the Heart, as much inſtructs the Mind;
Bleſt in the Fate of her victorious Eyes,
Seeing, we love; and hearing, we grow wiſe:
So ROME for Wiſdom, as for Conqueſt fam'd,
Improv'd with Arts, whom ſhe by Arms had tam'd.
Above the Clouds is plac'd this glorious Light,
Nothing lies hid from her enquiring Sight;
ATHENS and ROME for Arts reſtor'd rejoice,
Their Language takes new Muſick from her Voice;
Learning and Love, in the ſame Seat we find,
So bright her Eyes, and ſo adorn'd her Mind.
Long had MINERVA govern'd in the Skies,
But now deſcends, confeſt to Human Eyes;
Behold in GRANVILLE, that inſpiring Queen,
Whom learned ATHENS ſo ador'd unſeen.

To Mrs. AFRA BEHN.

TWO warriour * Chiefs the Voice of Fame divide,
Who beſt deſerv'd, not PLUTARCH could decide;

* Alexander *and* Cæſar.

Behold

Behold two mightier Conquerors appear,
Some for your Wit, some for your Eyes declare;
Debates arise, which captivates us most,
And none can tell the Charm by which he's lost.
The Bow and Quiver does DIANA bear;
VENUS the DOVE; PALLAS the Shield and Spear:
Poets such Emblems to their Gods assign,
Hearts bleeding by the Dart, and Pen be thine.

The DESERTION.

NOw fly, Discretion, to my Aid,
See haughty MIRA, fair and bright,
In all the Pomp of Love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the Sight!
She comes, she comes ----- before her all
Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a Destroyer fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,
Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
Sparing nor Age nor Sex,
Commands in chief; well fortify'd he lies,
And from her Lips, her Cheeks and Eyes,
All Opposition he defies.

Reason,

Reaſon, Love's old inveterate Foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd 'till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.

A wiſe Commander he, for Council fit;
But nice and coy, nor has been ſeen to ſit
In modern Synod, nor appear'd of late
In Courts, nor Camps, nor in Affairs of State;
Reaſon proclaims them all his Foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs Charms oppoſe.

My very boſom Friends make War
Within my Breaſt, and in her Intereſts are;
Eſteem and Judgment with ſtrong Fancy join
To court, and call the fair Invader in;
My darling fav'rite Inclination too,
All, all conſpiring with the Foe.

Ah! whither ſhall I fly to hide
My Weakneſs from the Conqu'ror's Pride?
Now, now, Diſcretion be my Guide.
But ſee, this mighty ARCHIMEDES too,
Surrenders now.

Preſuming

Preſuming longer to reſiſt
His very Name,
Diſcretion muſt diſclaim;
Folly and Madneſs only would perſiſt.

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, ſaid I,
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous Tongue the trembling Accents die.
Alas! a thouſand thouſand Fears
Still overawe when ſhe appears!
My Breath is ſpent in Sighs, my Eyes are drown'd
in Tears.

In PRAISE *of* *MIRA.*

TUNE, tune thy Lyre, begin my Muſe,
What Nymph, what Queen, what Goddeſs wilt
thou chooſe?
Whoſe Praiſes ſing? What Charmer's Name
Tranſmit immortal down to Fame?
Strike, ſtrike thy Strings, let Echo take the Sound,
And bear it far, to all the Mountains round;

PINDUS

PINDUS again ſhall hear, again rejoice,
And HEMUS too, as when th' enchanting Voice
Of tuneful ORPHEUS charm'd the Grove,
Taught Oaks to dance, and made the Cedars move.

Nor VENUS, nor DIANA will we name;
MIRA is VENUS and DIANA too,
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true;
Then ſing, my Muſe, let MIRA be our Theme.
As when the Shepherds would a Garland make,
They ſearch with Care the fragrant Meadows round;
Plucking but here and there, and only take
The choiceſt Flow'rs with which ſome Nymph is crown'd.
In framing MIRA ſo divinely fair,
Nature has taken the ſame Care;
All that is lovely, noble, good, we ſee,
All, beauteous MIRA, all bound up in Thee.
Where MIRA is, there is the Queen of Love,
Th' ARCADIAN Paſtures, and th' IDALIAN Grove.
Let MIRA dance, ſo charming is her Mien,
In every Movement every Grace is ſeen;
Let MIRA ſing, the Notes ſo ſweetly wound,
The SIRENS would be ſilent at the Sound.
Place me on Mountains of eternal Snow.
Where all is Ice, all Winter Winds that blow;

Or

Or caſt me underneath the burning Line,
Where everlaſting Sun does ſhine;
Where all is ſcorch'd —— whatever you decree.
Ye Gods! wherever I ſhall be,
MIRA ſhall ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill ador'd by me.

SONG to MIRA.

I.

WHY, cruel Creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender Heart?
To Gold and Title you relent,
LOVE throws in vain his Dart.

II.

Let glittering Fools in Courts be great;
For Pay, let Armies move;
Beauty ſhould have no other Bait
But gentle Vows, and Love.

III.

If on thoſe endleſs Charms you lay
The Value that's their Due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand Worlds to few.

But

IV. MIRA

But if a Paſſion without Vice,
Without Diſguiſe or Art,
Ah MIRA! if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

MIRA *ſinging.*

THE SIRENS, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Ty'd to the Maſt, ULYSSES ſail'd unharm'd;
Had MIRA's Voice entic'd his liſt'ning Ear,
The GREEK had ſtopt, and would have dy'd to hear.
When MIRA ſings, we ſeek th' enchanting Sound,
And bleſs the Notes that do ſo ſweetly wound.
What Muſick needs muſt dwell upon that Tongue,
Whoſe Speech is tuneful as another's Song!
Such Harmony! ſuch Wit! a Face ſo fair!
So many pointed Arrows who can bear?
Who from her Wit, or from her Beauty flies,
If with her Voice ſhe overtakes him, dies.
Like Soldiers ſo in Battle we ſucceed,
One Peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed;
In Vain the Dart, or glitt'ring Sword we ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaught'ring Gun.

MIRA.

MIRA.

At a Review of the Guards in HYDE-PARK.

LET meaner Beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty MIRA will by thouſands kill;
Thro' armed Ranks triumphantly ſhe drives,
And with one Glance commands a thouſand Lives:
The trembling Heroes, nor reſiſt, nor fly,
But at the Head of all their Squadrons die.

To MIRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident and kind,
In all things that excel, ſome Uſe deſign'd;
The radiant Sun, of every heavenly Light
The firſt (did MIRA not diſpute that Right)
Sends from above ten thouſand Bleſſings down;
Nor is he ſet ſo high for Show alone,
His Beams reviving with auſpicious Fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire:
The Moon and Stars, thoſe faithful Guides of Night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain the Sight:

Plants,

Plants, Fruits, and Flow'rs the fertile Fields produce,
Not for vain Ornament, but wholeſome Uſe;
Health they reſtore, and Nouriſhment they give,
We ſee with Pleaſure, but we taſte to live.

Then think not, MIRA, that thy Form was meant
More to create Deſire, than to content;
Would the juſt Gods ſo many Charms provide
Only to gratify a Mortal's Pride?
Would they have form'd thee ſo above thy Sex,
Only to play the Tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious Pleaſure to delight in Harm,
And Beauty ſhould be kind, as well as charm.

THE PROGRESS of BEAUTY.

THE God of Day descending from above,
Mixt with the Sea, and got the Queen of Love.
Beauty, that fires the World, 'twas fit should rise
From him alone who lights the Stars and Skies.
In Cyprus long, by Men and Gods obey'd,
The Lover's Toil she gratefully repaid,
Promiscuous Blessings to her Slaves assign'd,
And taught the World that Beauty should be kind.
Learn by this Pattern, all ye Fair, to charm,
Bright be your Beams, but without scorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much Expence of Blood and Empire sought:
Beauty and Love the noblest Cause afford,
That can try Valour, or employ the Sword.
Not Men alone incited by her Charms,
But Heav'n's concern'd, and all the Gods take Arms.

The

The happy TROJAN gloriouſly poſſeſt,
Enjoys the Dame, and leaves to Fate the reſt.
Your cold Reflections, Moraliſts, forbear,
His Title's beſt who beſt can pleaſe the Fair.
And now the Gods, in pity to the Cares,
The fierce Deſires, Diſtractions, and Deſpairs
Of tortur'd Men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming Kind.
GREECE was the Land where this bright Race begun,
And ſaw a thouſand Rivals to the Sun.
Hence follow'd Arts, while each employ'd his Care
In new Productions to delight the Fair:
To bright ASPASIA SOCRATES retir'd,
His Wiſdom grew but as his Love inſpir'd;
Thoſe Rocks and Oaks which ſuch Emotions felt,
Were cruel Maids whom ORPHEUS taught to melt;
Muſick, and Songs, and every way to move
The raviſh'd Heart, were Seeds and Plants of Love.
The Gods, entic'd by ſo divine a Birth,
Deſcend from Heav'n to this new Heav'n on Earth;
Thy Wit, O MERCURY's no Defence from Love;
Nor MARS, thy Target; nor thy Thunder, JOVE.
The mad Immortals in a thouſand Shapes,
Range the wide Globe; ſome yield, ſome ſuffer Rapes,
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one eſcapes.

The Wife, tho' a bright Goddeſs, thus gives place
To mortal Concubines of freſh Embrace;
By ſuch Examples were we taught to ſee
The Life and Soul of Love, is ſweet Variety.
In thoſe firſt Times, 'ere charming Womankind
Reform'd their Pleaſures, poliſhing the Mind,
Rude were their Revels, and obſcene their Joys,
The Broils of Drunkards, and the Luſt of Boys;
PHOEBUS laments for HYACINTHUS dead,
And JUNO jealous, ſtorms at GANYMED.
Return, my Muſe, and cloſe that odious Scene,
Nor ſtain thy Verſe with Images unclean;
Of Beauty ſing, her ſhining Progreſs view,
From Clime to Clime the dazling Light purſue,
Tell how the Goddeſs ſpread, and how in Empire grew.
Let others govern, or defend the State,
Plead at the Bar, or manage a Debate,
In lofty Arts and Sciences excel,
Or in proud Domes employ their boaſted Skill,
To Marble, and to Braſs ſuch Features give,
The Metal and the Stone may ſeem to live;
Deſcribe the Stars, and Planetary Way,
And trace the Footſteps of eternal Day:
Be this, my Muſe, thy Pleaſure and thy Care,
A Slave to Beauty, to record the Fair.

Still wand'ring in Love's ſweet delicious Maze,
To ſing the Triumphs of ſome heavenly Face,
Of lovely Dames, who with a Smile or Frown
Subdue the proud, the ſuppliant Lover crown.
From VENUS down to MIRA bring thy Song,
To thee alone ſuch tender Tasks belong.

From GREECE to AFRICK Beauty takes her Flight,
And ripens with her near Approach to Light:
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of ſwarthy Dames,
With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims;
Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd,
Is of all Colours, and by none defin'd;
Jewels that ſhine, in Gold or Silver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in Jet.
Here CLEOPATRA, with a lib'ral Heart,
Bounteous of Love, improv'd the Joy with Art,
The firſt who gave recruited Slaves to know
That the rich Pearl was of more Uſe than Show,
Who with high Meats, or a luxurious Draught,
Kept Love for ever flowing, and full fraught.
JULIUS and ANTHONY, thoſe Lords of all,
Each in his turn preſent the conquer'd Ball;
Thoſe dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the Light
From Pole to Pole, fall dazl'd at her Sight:
Nor was her Death leſs glorious than her Life,
A conſtant Miſtreſs, and a faithful Wife;

Her dying Truth ſome generous Tears would coſt,
Had not her Fate * inſpir'd the World well loſt;
With ſecret Pride the raviſh'd Muſes view
The Image of that Death which DRYDEN drew.
Pleas'd in ſuch happy Climates, warm and bright,
Love for ſome Ages revel'd with Delight;
The martial MOORS in Gallantry refin'd,
Invent new Arts to make their Charmers kind;
See in the Liſts, by golden Barriers bound,
In warlike Ranks they wait the Trumpet's Sound;
Some Love-Device is wrought on every Sword,
And every Ribbon bears ſome myſtick Word.
As when we ſee the winged Winds engage,
Mounted on Courſers, foaming Flame and Rage,
Ruſtling from every Quarter of the Sky,
North, Eaſt, and Weſt, in airy Swiftneſs vie;
One Cloud repuls'd, new Combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring War:
So when the Trumpet ſounding, gives the Sign,
The juſtling Chiefs in rude Rencounter join,
So meet, and ſo renew the dext'rous Fight,
Each fair Beholder trembling for her Knight;

* All for Love; or, The World well loſt; *written by Mr.* Dryden.

Still as one falls, another ruſhes in,
And all muſt be o'ercome, or none can win.
The Victor, from the ſhining Dame, whoſe Eyes
Aided his conqu'ring Arm, receives a precious Prize.
Thus flouriſh'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in State,
Till the proud SPANIARD gave theſe Glories Date:
Paſt is the Gallantry, the Fame remains,
Tranſmitted ſafe in DRYDEN's lofty Scenes;
* GRANADA loſt, beheld her Pomps reſtor'd,
And † ALMAHIDE, once more by Kings ador'd.
Love driven thence, to colder BRITAIN flies,
And with bright Nymphs the diſtant Sun ſupplies;
Romances which relate the dreadful Fights,
The Loves and Proweſs of advent'rous Knights;
To animate their Rage, a Kiſs record
From BRITAIN's faireſt Nymph was the Reward;
Thus ancient to Love's Empire was the Claim
Of BRITISH Beauty, and ſo wide the Fame,
Which, like our Flag upon the Seas, gives Law
By Right avow'd, and keeps the World in awe.
Our gallant Kings, of whom large Annals prove
The mighty Deeds, ſtand as renown'd for Love;

---

* *The Conqueſt of* Granada; *written by Mr.* Dryden.
† *The Part of* Almahide, *perform'd by Mrs.* Eleanor Gwin, *Miſtreſs to King* Charles II.

A Monarch's Right o'er Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that Ocean from whence Beauty came.
Thy ROSAMOND, Great HENRY, on the Stage,
By a late Muſe preſented in our Age,
With aking Hearts, and flowing Eyes we view,
While that diſſembled Death preſents the true
In * BRACEGIRDLE, the Perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the Spectators ſee.

Of SCOTS and GAULS defeated, and their Kings,
Thy Captives, EDWARD, Fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high Deeds, thy noble Loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to Love the nobleſt Trophy rais'd:
Thy Statues, VENUS, tho' by PHIDIAS's Hand,
Deſign'd immortal, yet no longer ſtand;
The Magick of thy ſhining Zone is paſt,
But SALISBURY's Garter ſhall for ever laſt,
Which thro' the World by living Monarchs worn,
Adds Grace to Scepters, and does Crowns adorn.

If ſuch their Fame who gave theſe Rights divine
To ſacred Love, O! what diſhonour's thine,
Forgetful Queen, who ſever'd that bright † Head
Which charm'd two mighty Monarchs to her Bed?

---

* *A famous Actreſs.*

† Mary *Queen of* Scots, *beheaded by Queen* Elizabeth.

Had'ſt thou been born a Man, thou had'ſt not err'd,
Thy Fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd;
But O! what mighty Magick can aſſuage
A Woman's Envy and a Bigot's Rage?
Love tir'd at length, Love, that delights to ſmile,
Flying * from Scenes of Horror, quits our Iſle,
With CHARLES, the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In Exile live, for LOVE and CHARLES were one;
With CHARLES he wanders, and for CHARLES he mourns,
But O! how fierce the Joy when CHARLES returns!
As eager Flames with oppoſition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a Vent;
As a fierce Torrent bounded on his Race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled Pace:
From the loud Palace to the ſilent Grove,
All, by the King's Example, live and love;
The Muſes with diviner Voices ſing;
And all rejoice to pleaſe the God-like King.
Then WALLER in immortal Verſe proclaims
The ſhining Court, and all the glittering Dames;
Thy Beauty, *SIDNEY, like ACHILLES' Sword,
Reſiſtleſs, ſtands upon as ſure Record;

---

* *The Rebellion; And Death of King* Charles I.

† *The Lady* Dorothy Sidney, *celebrated by Mr.* Waller *under the Name of* Sachariſſa.

The fierceſt Hero, and the brighteſt Dame,
Both ſung alike, ſhall have their Fate the ſame.
And now, my Muſe, a nobler Flight prepare,
And ſing ſo loud that Heaven and Earth may hear.
Behold from ITALY an awful Ray
Of heav'nly Light illuminates the Day,
Northward ſhe bends, majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her Imperial Light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muſe, nor fear to raiſe
Thy Voice to her who was thy earlieſt Praiſe;
What tho' the ſullen Fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious Line,
Keep thy bright Theme within thy ſteady Sight,
The Clouds ſhall fly before the dazling Light,
And everlaſting Day direct thy lofty Flight.
Thou who has never yet put on Diſguiſe
To flatter Faction, or deſcend to Vice;
Let no vain Fear thy generous Ardor tame,
But ſtand erect, and ſound as loud as Fame.
As when our Eyes ſome Proſpect would purſue,
Deſcending from a Hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o'er Lawns and Meadows till it gains
Some fav'rite Spot, and fixing there, remains:
With equal Rapture my tranſported Muſe
Flies other Objects, this bright Theme to chooſe.

Queen

Queen of our Hearts, and Charmer of our Sight,
A Monarch's Pride, his Glory and Delight,
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd! If Verſe can give
A deathleſs Name, thine ſhall for ever live;
Invok'd where'er the BRITISH Lion roars,
Extended as the Seas that gird the BRITISH Shores.
The wiſe Immortals in their Seats above,
To crown their Labours, ſtill appointed Love;
PHOEBUS enjoy'd the Goddeſs of the Sea,
ALCIDES had OMPHALE, JAMES has THEE.
O happy JAMES! content thy mighty Mind,
Grudge not the World, for ſtill thy Queen is kind,
To lie but at whoſe Feet more Glory brings
Than 'tis to tread on Scepters, and on Kings:
Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breaſt,
Who would not give their Crowns to be ſo bleſt?
Was HELEN half ſo fair, ſo form'd for Joy,
Well choſe the TROJAN, and well burnt was TROY.
But ah! what ſtrange Viciſſitudes of Fate,
What Chance attends on ev'ry worldly State?
As when the Skies were ſack'd, the conquer'd Gods
Compell'd from Heav'n, forſook their bleſt Abodes;
Wand'ring in Woods, they hid from Den to Den,
And fought their Safety in the Shapes of Men.
As when the Winds with kindling Flames conſpire,
The Blaze encreaſes, as they fan the Fire;

From

From Roof to Roof the burning Torrent pours,
Nor ſpares the Palace, nor the loftieſt Tow'rs:
Or, as the ſtately Pine, erecting high
Her lofty Branches, ſhooting to the Sky,
If riven by the Thunderbolt of JOVE,
Down falls at once the Pride of all the Grove,
Level with loweſt Shrubs lies the tall Head
That rear'd aloft, as to the Clouds was ſpread.
So -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- --
But ceaſe, my Muſe, thy Colours are too faint,
Hide with a Veil thoſe Griefs which none can paint;
This Sun is ſet, --- But ſee in bright Array
What Hoſts of heavenly Light recruit the Day.
LOVE, in a ſhining Galaxy, appears
Triumphant ſtill, and GRAFTON leads the Stars.
Ten thouſand Loves, ten thouſand ſeveral ways
Invade adoring Crowds, who die to gaze;
Her Eyes reſiſtleſs as the SIRENS Voice,
So ſweet's the Charm, we make our Fate our Choice.
Who moſt reſembles her let next be nam'd,
* VILLIERS for Wiſdom and deep Judgment fam'd,
Of a high Race, victorious Beauty brings
To grace our Courts, and captivate our Kings.

---

* *Counteſs of* Orkney.

With

With what Delight my Muſe to SANDWICH flies!
Whoſe Wit is piercing as her ſparkling Eyes:
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her airy Wings,
And tunes her Voice, when ſhe of ORMOND ſings!
Of radiant ORMOND, only fit to be
The Succeſſor of beauteous OSSORY.

RICHMOND's a Title, that but nam'd, implies
Majeſtick Graces, and victorious Eyes;
Fair VILLIERS firſt, then haughty STUART came,
And BRUDENAL now no leſs adorns the Name.
DORSET already is immortal made
In PRIOR's Verſe, nor needs a ſecond Aid.

By BENTINCK and fair RUTENBERG we find,
That Beauty to no Climate is confin'd.

RUPERT of Royal Blood, with modeſt Grace,
Bluſhes to hear the Triumphs of her Face.

Not HELEN with St. Alban's might compare:
Nor let the Muſe omit SCROOP, HOLMS, and HARE;
HYDE, VENUS is; the Graces are KILDARE.

Soft and delicious as a Southern Sky, [we die.
Are DASHWOOD's Smiles; when * DARNLEY frowns
† Careleſs, but yet ſecure of Conqueſt ſtill,
LU'SON unaiming, never fails to kill;

---

* *Lady* Catherine Darnley, *Dutcheſs of* Buckingham.
† *Lady* Gower.

Guilt-

Guiltleſs of Pride to captivate, or ſhine,
Bright without Art, ſhe wounds without Deſign:
But WYNDHAM like a Tyrant throws the Dart,
And takes a cruel Pleaſure in the Smart,
Proud of the Ravage that her Beauties make,
Delights in Wounds, and kills for killing ſake;
Aſſerting the Dominion of her Eyes,
As Heroes fight for Glory, not for Prize.

The skilful Muſes earlieſt Care has been
The Praiſe of never-fading MAZARINE;
The † Poet and his Theme, in ſpight of Time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs Prime.
With Charms ſo num'rous MIRA does ſurprize,
The Lover knows not by which Dart he dies;
So thick the Volley, and the Wound ſo ſure,
No Flight can ſave, no Remedy can cure.

* Yet dawning in her Infancy of Light,
O ſee! another BRUDENEL heav'nly bright,
Born to fulfil the Glories of her Line,
And fix Love's Empire in that Race Divine.

‡ Fain wou'd my Muſe to CECIL bend her Sight,
But turns aſtoniſh'd from the dazzling Light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy Flight.

† *Monſieur St.* Evremont. * *Lady* Molyneux.
‡ *Lady* Ranelaugh.

O KNELLER! like thy Pictures were my Song,
Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil ſtrong;
Theſe matchleſs Beauties ſhould recorded be,
Immortal in my Verſe, as in thy * Gallery.

TO THE

COUNTESS of *NEWBOURG*,

Inſiſting earneſtly to be told who I meant by

MIRA.

WITH MIRA's Charms, and my extreme Deſpair,
Long had my Muſe amaz'd the Reader's Ear,
My Friends, with Pity, heard the mournful Sound,
And all enquir'd from whence the fatal Wound;
Th' aſtoniſh'd World beheld an endleſs Flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So ſcatter'd Fire from ſcorch'd VESUVIUS flies,
Unknown the Source from whence thoſe Flames ariſe:

---

* *The Gallery of Beauties in* Hampton-Court, *drawn by Sir* Godfrey Kneller.

ÆGYPTIAN NILE ſo ſpreads its Waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its Head unfound.
MIRA herſelf, touch'd with the moving Song,
Would needs be told to whom thoſe Plaints belong;
My timorous Tongue not daring to confeſs,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her gueſs;
Impatient of Excuſe, ſhe urges ſtill,
Perſiſts in her Demand, ſhe muſt, ſhe will;
If ſilent, I am threaten'd with her Hate;
If I obey --- Ah! what may be my Fate?
Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold,
She ſmiles --- the Goddeſs ſmiles --- and I grow bold.
My Vows to MIRA, all were meant to thee,
The Praiſe, the Love, the matchleſs Conſtancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal Dames
Were grac'd by Poets, each with ſeveral Names;
For VENUS, CYTHEREA was invok'd;
Altars for PALLAS, to TRITONIA ſmok'd.
Such Names were theirs; and thou the moſt divine,
Moſt lov'd of heav'nly Beauties --- MIRA's thine.

To

To MIRA.

I.

SO calm, and ſo ſerene, but now,
What means this Change on MIRA's brow?
Her aguiſh Love now glows and burns,
Then chills and ſhakes, and the cold Fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding Looks and Smiles,
When on her Pity I depend,
My airy Hope ſhe ſoon beguiles,
And laughs to ſee my Torments never end.

III.

So up the ſteepy Hill, with Pain,
The weighty Stone is roll'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the Lab'rer to renew his Toils.

To MIRA.

LOST in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn deſtroys:
She will, and ſhe will not, ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies,

Appro-

Approving, and rejecting in a Breath,
Now proff'ring Mercy, now preſenting Death.
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure,
How various are the Torments I endure!
Cruel Eſtate of Doubt! Ah, MIRA, try
Once to reſolve --- or let me live, or die.

To MIRA.

I.

THoughtful Nights, and reſtleſs Waking,
Oh, the Pains that we endure!
Broken Faith, unkind Forſaking,
Ever doubting, never ſure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours,
What a Race has Love to run!
Falſe proteſting, fleeting Favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

III.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, Paſſion rending,
Oh! the Pangs of Jealouſy!

From

IV.

From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah! how ſweet could Love be free!
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce, immortal Ecſtaſy.

SONG to MIRA.

WHY ſhould a Heart ſo tender, break?
O MIRA! give its Anguiſh Eaſe;
The Uſe of Beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe.

Thoſe Lips for Smiling were deſign'd;
That Boſom to be preſt;
Your Eyes to languiſh, and look kind;
For amorous Arms, your Waiſt.

Each thing has its appointed Right,
Eſtabliſh'd by the Pow'rs above,
The Sun to give us Warmth, and Light,
MIRA to kindle Love.

To MIRA.

SINCE Truth and Conſtancy are vain,
Since neither Love nor Senſe of Pain,
Nor Force of Reaſon, can perſuade,
Then let Example be obey'd.
In Courts and Cities, could you ſee
How well the wanton Fools agree;
Were all the Curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.
MINERVA, naked from above,
With VENUS, and the Wife of JOVE,
Expoſing ev'ry Beauty bare,
Deſcending to the TROJAN Heir;
Yet this was ſhe whom Poets name
Goddeſs of Chaſtity and Fame.
PENELOPE, her Lord away,
Gave am'rous Audiences all Day;
Now round the Bowl the Suitors ſit,
With Wine, provoking Mirth and Wit,
Then down they take the ſtubborn Bow,
Their Strength, it ſeems, ſhe needs muſt know.
Thus twenty chearful Winters paſt,
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaſte.

Smile

Smile MIRA, then, reward my Flame,
And be as much ſecure of Fame;
By all thoſe matchleſs Beauties fir'd,
By my own matchleſs Love inſpir'd;
So will I ſing, ſuch Wonders write,
That when th'aſtoniſh'd World ſhall cite
A Nymph of ſpotleſs Worth and Fame,
MIRA ſhall be th'immortal Name.

SONG to MIRA.

FORSAKEN of my kindly Stars,
Within this melancholy Grove
I waſte my Days and Nights in Tears,
A Victim to ingrateful Love.
The happy ſtill untimely End,
Death flies from Grief, or why ſhould I
So many Hours in Sorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye Pow'rs, take pity of my Pain,
This, only this is my Deſire;
Ah! take from MIRA her Diſdain,
Or let me with this Sigh expire.

To MIRA.

I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my ſtubborn Heart?
O Death! how ſlow to take my part!
Whatever I purſue, denies,
Death, Death itſelf, like MIRA, flies.

II.

Love and Deſpair, like Twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal Birth my Breaſt;
No Hope could be, her Scorn was all
That to my deſtin'd Lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love could dwell
But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;
Like Plants, that kindly Heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant Fire.

IV

That without Hope, 'twou'd die as ſoon,
A little Hope --- but I have none:

On

On Air the poor Camelions thrive,
Deny'd e'en that, my Love can live.

V.

As toughest Trees in Storms are bred,
And grow in ſpight of Winds and ſpread,
The more the Tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

VI.

Deſpair, that Aconite does prove,
And certain Death to others Love;
That Poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turns to Food.

VII.

O! for what Crime is my torn Heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs Smart?
Like ſad PROMETHEUS, thus to lie
In endleſs Pain, and never die.

PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS *drinking.*

I.

WHILE PHYLLIS is drinking, Love and Wine in [Alliance,
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance,
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes, by her drinking, redouble their Fire.

II.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As Flowers by Sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
Each Dart dipt in Wine, gives a Wound beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more enduring.

III.

Then PHYLLIS, begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss, and a Glass, be still going round,
Relieving each other, our Pleasures are lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.

To

To MIRA.

I.

PREPAR'D to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd Fair,
What is it awes my timorous Heart?
Why do's my Tongue forbear?

II.

With the leaſt Glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous Pow'r have MIRA's Charms,
She calms my Doubts, enſlaves my Mind,
And all my Rage diſarms.

III.

Forgetful of her broken Vows,
When gazing on that Form Divine,
Her injur'd Vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her Slave repine.

The ENCHANTMENT.

In Imitation of THEOCRITUS.

MIX, mix the Philters, quick --- ſhe flies, ſhe flies,
Deaf to my Call, regardleſs of my Cries.

Are Vows ſo vain? Could Oaths ſo feeble prove?
Ah! with what Eaſe ſhe breaks thoſe Chains of Love!
Whom Love with all his Force had bound in vain,
Let Charms compel, and magick Rites regain.
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spels prepare,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
Queen of the Night, bright Empreſs of the Stars,
The Friend of Love, aſſiſt a Lover's Cares;
And thou, infernal HECATE, be nigh,
At whoſe Approach fierce Wolves affrighted fly:
Dark Tombs diſcloſe their Dead, and hollow Cries
Echo from under ground ---- Ariſe, ariſe.
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spels prepare,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
As crackling in the Fire this Laurel lies,
So, ſtrugling in Love's Flame, her Lover dies;
It burſts, and in a Blaze of Light expires,
So may ſhe burn, but with more laſting Fires.
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spells prepare,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
As the Wax melts, which to the Flame I hold,
So may ſhe melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough Iron will yield, and ſtubborn Marble run,
And hardeſt Hearts by Love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spels prepare,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

As

As with impetuous Motion, whirling round,
This magick Wheel ſtill moves, yet keeps its Ground,
Ever returning, ſo may ſhe come back,
And never more th' appointed Round forſake.
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spels prepare,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
DIANA, hail! all hail! moſt welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal King and Judges bow;
O thou, whoſe Art the Power of Hell diſarms,
Upon a faithleſs Woman try thy Charms.
Hark! the Dogs howl, ſhe comes, the Goddeſs comes,
Sound the loud Trump, and beat our brazen Drums,
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spels prepare.
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
How calm's the Sky! how undiſturb'd the Deep!
Nature is huſht, the very Tempeſts ſleep;
The drowſy Winds breathe gently thro' the Trees,
And ſilent on the Beach, repoſe the Seas:
Love only wakes; the Storm that tears my Breaſt
For ever rages, and diſtracts my Reſt:
O Love! relentleſs Love! Tyrant accurſt,
In Deſarts bred, by cruel Tygers nurs'd!
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spels prepare,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
This Ribbon, that once bound her lovely Waiſte,
O that my Arms might gird her there as faſt!

Smiling ſhe gave it, and I priz'd it more
Than the rich Zone th'IDALIAN Goddeſs wore:
This Ribbon, this lov'd Relict of the Fair,
So kiſt, and ſo preſerv'd --- thus --- thus I tear.
O Love! why doſt thou thus delight to rend
My Soul with Pain? Ah! why torment thy Friend?
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spels prepare,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
Thrice have I ſacrific'd, and proſtrate thrice
Ador'd: Aſſiſt, ye Powers, the Sacrifice.
Whoe'er he is whom now the Fair beguiles
With guilty Glances, and with perjur'd Smiles,
Malignant Vapours blaſt his impious Head,
Ye Lightnings ſcorch him, Thunder ſtrike him dead;
Horror of Conſcience all his Slumbers break,
Diſtract his Reſt, as Love keeps me awake;
If marry'd, may his Wife a HELEN be,
And curs'd, and ſcorn'd, like MENELAUS, He.
Begin, begin, the myſtick Spels prepare,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
Theſe pow'rful Drops, thrice on the Threſhold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted Juice, her Door,
That Door where no Admittance now is found,
But where my Soul is ever hovering round.
Haſte, and obey; and binding be the Spell:
Here ends my Charm; O Love! ſucceed it well:

By

By force of Magick, ſtop the flying Fair,
Bring MIRA back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
Thou'rt now alone, and painful is Reſtraint,
Eaſe thy preſt Heart, and give thy Sorrows vent;
Whence ſprang, and how began theſe Griefs, declare;
How much thy Love, how cruel thy Deſpair.
Ye Moon and Stars, by whoſe auſpicious Light
I haunt theſe Groves, and waſte the tedious Night!
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.
Too late for Hope, for my Repoſe too ſoon
I ſaw, and lov'd: Her Heart engag'd, was gone;
A happier Man poſſeſs'd whom I adore;
O! I ſhould ne'er have ſeen, or ſeen before.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.
What ſhall I do? Shall I in Silence bear,
Deſtroy my ſelf, or kill the Raviſher?
Die, wretched Lover, die; but O! beware,
Hurt not the Man who is belov'd by her;
Wait for a better Hour, and truſt thy Fate,
Thou ſeek'ſt her Love, beget not then her Hate.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.
My Life conſuming with eternal Grief,
From Herbs, and Spells, I ſeek a vain Relief;

To every wiſe Magician I repair,
In vain, for ſtill I love, and I deſpair.
CIRCE, MEDEA, and the SIBYLS' Books,
Contain not half th' Enchantment of her Looks.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.
As melted Gold preſerves its Weight the ſame,
So burnt my Love, nor waſted in the Flame.
And now, unable to ſupport the Strife,
A glimmering Hope recalls departing Life;
My Rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may ask, and ſhe with Honour give.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.
Witneſs, ye Hours, with what unwearied Care,
From Place to Place I ſtill purſu'd the Fair;
Nor was Occaſion to reveal my Flame,
Slow to my Succour, for it kindly came,
It came, it came, that Moment of Delight,
O Gods! and how I trembled at the Sight!
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.
Diſmay'd, and motionleſs, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I ſtood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My fault'ring Tongue in vain for Utterance try'd,
Faint was my Voice, my Thoughts abortive dy'd,

Or in weak Sounds, and broken Accents came,
Imperfect, as Diſcourſes in a Dream.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.
Soon ſhe divin'd what this Confuſion meant,
And gueſt with eaſe the Cauſe of my Complaint.
My Tongue emboldning as her Looks were mild,
At length I told my Griefs --- and ſtill ſhe ſmil'd.
O Siren! Siren! fair Deluder, ſay,
Why would you tempt to truſt, and then betray?
So faithleſs now, why gave you Hopes before?
Alas! you ſhould have been leſs kind, or more.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.
Secure of Innocence, I ſeek to know
From whence this Change, and my Misfortunes grow,
Rumour is loud, and every Voice proclaims
Her violated Faith, and conſcious Flames:
Can this be true? Ah! flattering Miſchief ſpeak;
Could you make Vows, and in a Moment break?
And can the Space ſo very narrow be
Betwixt a Woman's Oath, and Perjury?
O Jealouſy! all other Ills at firſt
My Love eſſay'd, but thou art ſure the worſt.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguiſh, and its ſecret Smart.

Ungrateful MIRA! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once ſo long I bore;
If Paſſion, dire Revenge, or black Deſpair,
Should once prevail beyond what Man can bear,
Who knows what I? Ah! feeble Rage, and vain!
With how ſecure a Brow ſhe mocks my Pain:
Thy Heart, fond Lover, does thy Threats belye,
Can'ſt thou hurt her, for whom thou yet would'ſt die?
Nor durſt ſhe thus thy juſt Reſentment brave,
But that ſhe knows how much thy Soul's her Slave.
But ſee! AURORA riſing with the Sun,
Diſſolves my Charm, and frees th' enchanted Moon;
My Spells no longer bind at Sight of Day,
And young ENDYMION calls his Love away:
Love's the Reward of all, on Earth, in Heaven,
And for a Plague to me alone was given:
But Ills not to be ſhun'd, we muſt endure,
Death, and a broken Heart's a ready Cure.
CYNTHIA, farewel, go reſt thy wearied Light,
I muſt for ever wake --- We'll meet again at Night.

The VISION.

IN lonely Walks, diſtracted by Deſpair,
Shunning Mankind, and torn with killing Care,

My Eyes o'erflowing, and my frantick Mind
Rack'd with wild Thoughts, ſwelling with Sighs the
Wind;
Thro' Paths untrodden, Day and Night I rove,
Mourning the Fate of my ſucceſsleſs Love.
Who moſt deſire to live, untimely fall,
But when we beg to die, Death flies our Call;
ADONIS dies, and torn is the lov'd Breaſt
In midſt of Joy, where VENUS wont to reſt;
That Fate, which cruel ſeem'd to him, would be
Pity, Relief, and Happineſs to me.
When will my Sorrows end? In vain, in vain
I call to Heaven, and tell the Gods my Pain;
The Gods averſe, like MIRA, to my Pray'r,
Conſent to doom, whom ſhe denies to ſpare.
Why do I ſeek for foreign Aids, when I
Bear ready by my Side the Pow'r to die?
Be keen, my Sword, and ſerve thy Maſter well,
Heal Wounds with Wounds, and Love with Death repel.
Straight up I roſe, and to my aking Breaſt,
My Boſom bare, the ready Point I preſt,
When lo! aſtoniſh'd, an unuſual Light
Pierc'd the thick Shade, and all around grew bright;
My dazled Eyes a radiant Form behold,
Splendid with Light, like Beams of burning Gold;

Eternal Rays his ſhining Temples grace;
Eternal Youth ſat blooming on his Face.
Trembling I liſten, proſtrate on the Ground,
His Breath perfumes the Grove, and Muſick's in the
* Sound.

Ceaſe, Lover, ceaſe, thy tender Heart to vex,
In fruitleſs Plaints of an ungrateful Sex.
In Fate's eternal Volumes it is writ,
That Women ever ſhall be Foes to Wit.
With proper Arts their fickly Minds command,
And pleaſe 'em with the things they underſtand;
With noiſy Fopperies their Hearts aſſail,
Renounce all Senſe; how ſhould thy Songs prevail,
When I, the God of Wit, ſo oft could fail?
Remember me, and in my Story find
How vainly Merit pleads to Womankind:
I, by whom all things ſhine, who tune the Spheres,
Create the Day, and gild the Night with Stars;
Whoſe Youth and Beauty, from all Ages paſt,
Sprang with the World, and with the World ſhall laſt.
How oft with fruitleſs Tears have I implor'd
Ungrateful Nymphs, and tho' a God, ador'd?
When could my Wit, my Beauty, or my Youth,
Move a hard Heart? or, mov'd, ſecure its Truth?

---

* Apollo.

Here

Here a proud Nymph, with painful Steps I chace,
The Winds out-flying in our nimble Race;
Stay, DAPHNE, ſtay ---- In vain, in vain I try
To ſtop her Speed, redoubling at my cry,
O'er craggy Rocks, and rugged Hills ſhe climbs,
And tears on pointed Flints her tender Limbs:
'Till caught at length, juſt as my Arms I fold,
Turn'd to a Tree ſhe yet eſcapes my Hold.

In my next Love, a diff'rent Fate I find,
Ah! which is worſe, the Falſe, or the Unkind?
Forgetting DAPHNE, I * CORONIS choſe,
A kinder Nymph ---- too kind for my Repoſe:
The Joys I give, but more provoke her Breaſt,
She keeps a private Drudge to quench the reſt;
How, and with whom, the very Birds proclaim
Her black Pollution, and reveal my Shame.
Hard Lot of Beauty! fatally beſtow'd,
Or given to the Falſe, or to the Proud;
By different ways they bring us equal Pain,
The Falſe betray us, and the Proud diſdain.
Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal Loves I fly,
To ſeek more Truth in my own native Sky.

---

* *A Nymph belov'd by* Apollo, *but at the ſame time had a private Intrigue with one* Iſchis, *which was diſcover'd by a* Crow.

VENUS

VENUS, the faireſt of immortal Loves,
Bright as my Beams, and gentle as her Doves,
With glowing Eyes, confeſſing warm Deſires,
She ſummons Heaven and Earth to quench her Fires,
Me ſhe excludes; and I in vain adore,
Who neither God nor Man refus'd before;
VULCAN, the very Monſter of the Skies,
VULCAN ſhe takes, the God of Wit denies.
Then ceaſe to murmur at thy MIRA's Pride,
Whimſy, not Reaſon, is the female Guide:
The Fate, of which their Maſter does complain,
Is of bad Omen to th' inſpired Train.
What Vows have fail'd? Hark how CATULLUS mourns,
How OVID weeps, and ſlighted GALLUS burns;
In melting Strains ſee gentle WALLER bleed,
Unmov'd ſhe hear'd, what none unmov'd can read.
And thou, who oft with ſuch ambitious Choice,
Haſt rais'd to MIRA thy aſpiring Voice,
What Profit thy neglected Zeal repays?
Ah what Return? Ungrateful to thy Praiſe!
Change, change thy Style, with mortal Rage return
Unjuſt Diſdain, and Pride oppoſe to Scorn;
Search all the Secrets of the Fair and Young,
And then proclaim, ſoon ſhall they bribe thy Tongue;
The ſharp Detractor with Succeſs aſſails,
Sure to be gentle to the Man that rails;

Women,

Women, like Cowards, tame to the Severe,
Are only fierce when they diſcover Fear.
Thus ſpake the God; and upward mounts in Air,
In juſt Reſentment of his paſt Deſpair.
Provok'd to Vengeance, to my Aid I call
The Furies round, and dip my Pen in Gall:
Not one ſhall 'ſcape of all the cozening Sex,
Vext ſhall they be, who ſo delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to Vengeance move
My gentle Muſe, ſo us'd to tender Love;
Such Magick rules my Heart, whate'er I write
Turns all to ſoft Complaint, and am'rous Flight.
Be gone, fond Thoughts, be gone, be bold, ſaid I,
Satyr's thy Theme --- In vain again I try,
So charming MIRA to each Sence appears,
My Soul adores, my Rage diſſolves in Tears.
So the gall'd Lion, ſmarting with his Wound,
Threatens his Foes, and makes the Foreſt ſound,
With his ſtrong Teeth he bites the bloody Dart,
And tares his Side with more provoking Smart,
Till having ſpent his Voice in fruitleſs Cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud Heart, and dies.

Adieu L'AMOUR.

HERE end my Chains, and Thraldom ceaſe,
If not in Joy, I'll live at leaſt in Peace:
Since for the Pleaſures of an Hour,
We muſt endure an Age of Pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more,
LOVE, give me back my Heart again.

Deſpair tormented firſt my Breaſt,
Now Falſhood, a more cruel Gueſt:
O! for the Peace of Humankind.
Make Women longer true, or ſooner kind;
With Juſtice, or with Mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my Heart again.

LOVE.

TO love, is to be doom'd on Earth to feel
What after Death the tortur'd meet in Hell:
The Vulture dipping in PROMETHEUS' Side
His bloody Beak, with his torn Liver dy'd,
Is Love: The Stone that labours up the Hill,
Mocking the Lab'rer's Toil, returning ſtill,

Is

Is Love: Thoſe Streams where TANTALUS is curſt
To ſit, and never drink, with endleſs Thirſt:
Thoſe loaden Boughs that with their Burthen bend
To court his Taſte, and yet eſcape his Hand,
All this is Love, that to diſſembled Joys
Invites vain Men, with real Grief deſtroys.

MEDITATION on DEATH.

I.

ENOUGH, enough, my Soul, of worldly Noiſe,
Of aëry Pomps, and fleeting Joys;
What does this buſy World provide at beſt,
But brittle Goods that break like Glaſs,
But poiſon'd Sweets, a troubled Feaſt,
And Pleaſures like the Winds, that in a Moment paſs?
Thy Thoughts to nobler Meditations give,
And ſtudy how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is Beauty? Ah! how vain,
And how ſhort-liv'd thoſe Glories are,
That vex our Nights and Days with Pain,
And break our Hearts with Care!
In Duſt we no Diſtinction ſee,
Such HELEN is, ſuch, MIRA, thou muſt be.

How

III.

How ſhort is Life! why will vain Courtiers toil,
And croud a vainer Monarch, for a Smile?
What is that Monarch, but a mortal Man,
His Crown a Pageant, and his Life a Span?
With all his Guards and his Dominions, He
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as We.

IV.

Thoſe boaſted Names of Conquerors and Kings
Are ſwallow'd, and become forgotten things:
One deſtin'd Period Men in common have,
The Great, the Baſe, the Coward, and the Brave,
All Food alike for Worms, Companions in the Grave.
The Prince and Paraſite together lie,
No Fortune can exalt, but Death will climb as high.

ESSAY.

Upon unnatural Flights in POETRY.

AS when ſome Image of a charming Face
In living Paint, an Artiſt tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous Line,
Adjuſting to his Object, his Deſign,

We

We praiſe the Piece, and give the Painter Fame,
But as the juſt Reſemblance ſpeaks the Dame.
Poets are Limners of another kind,
To copy out Ideas in the Mind;
Words are the Paint by which their Thoughts are ſhown,
And Nature ſits, the Object to be drawn;
The written Picture we applaud, or blame,
But as the due Proportions are the ſame.
Who driven with ungovernable Fire,
Or void of Art, beyond theſe Bounds aſpire,
Gigantick Forms, and monſtrous Births alone
Produce, which Nature ſhockt, diſdains to own.
By true Reflexion I would ſee my Face,
Why brings the Fool a Magnifying-Glaſs?
(1) " But Poetry in Fiction takes delight,
" And mounting in bold Figures out of ſight,
" Leaves Truth behind, in her audacious Flight:
" Fables and Metaphors that always lye,
" And raſh Hyperboles that ſoar ſo high,
" And every Ornament of Verſe muſt die.
Miſtake me not: No Figures I exclude,
And but forbid Intemperance, not Food.
Who would with care ſome happy Fiction frame,
So mimicks Truth, it looks the very ſame;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's Scorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate, and adorn.

Important

Important Truths ſtill let your Fables hold,
And moral Myſteries with Art unfold.
Ladies and Beaux to pleaſe, is all the Task,
But the ſharp Critick will Inſtruction ask.
(2) As Veils tranſparent cover, but not hide,
Such Metaphors appear when right apply'd;
When thro' the Phraſe we plainly ſee the Senſe,
Truth, where the Meaning's obvious, will diſpenſe;
The Reader what in Reaſon's due, believes,
Nor can we call that falſe, which not deceives.
(3) Hyperboles, ſo daring and ſo bold,
Diſdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules control'd;
Above the Clouds, but ſtill within our Sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring Flight,
Preſenting things impoſſible to view,
They wander thro' incredible to True:
Falſhoods thus mix'd, like Metals are refin'd,
And Truth, like Silver, leaves the Droſs behind.
Thus Poetry has ample Space to ſoar,
Nor needs forbidden Regions to explore:
Such Vaunts as his, who can with Patience read,
Who thus deſcribes his Hero ſlain and dead:
(4) "Kill'd as * he was, inſenſible of Death,
"He ſtill fights on, and ſcorns to yield his Breath.

---

* Arioſto.

The

The noiſy Culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And burſt unaiming in the rended Sky:
Such frantick Flights are like a Mad-man's Dream,
And Nature ſuffers in the wild Extreme.

The captive Canibal weigh'd down with Chains,
Yet braves his Foes, reviles, provokes, diſdains,
Of Nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He grins Defiance at the gaping Croud,
And ſpent at laſt, and ſpeechleſs as he lies,
With Looks ſtill threatning, mocks their Rage, and dies.
This is the utmoſt Stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulſom, falſe, and vain.

Beauty's the Theme; ſome Nymph divinely fair
Excites the Muſe: Let Truth be even there:
As Painters flatter, ſo may Poets too,
But to Reſemblance muſt be ever true. [Queen

(5) " The * Day that ſhe was born, the CYPRIAN
" Had like t'have dy'd thro' Envy and thro' Spleen;
" The Graces in a hurry left the Skies
" To have the Honour to attend her Eyes;
" And Love, deſpairing in her Heart a Place,
" Would needs take up his Lodging in her Face.

Tho' wrote by great CORNEILLE, ſuch Lines as theſe,
Such civil Nonſenſe ſure could never pleaſe.

---

* Corneille.

WALLER

WALLER, the beſt of all th'inſpir'd Train,
To melt the Fair, inſtructs the dying Swain.
(6) The * ROMAN Wit, who impiouſly divides
His Hero, and his Gods to diff'rent Sides,
I would condemn, but that, in ſpight of Senſe
Th'admiring World ſtill ſtands in his Defence.
How oft, alas! the beſt of Men in vain
Contend for Bleſſings which the worſt obtain!
The Gods, permitting Traitors to ſucceed,
Become not Parties in an impious Deed:
And by the Tyrant's Murder, we may find
That CATO and the Gods were of a Mind.
Thus forcing Truth with ſuch prepoſt'rous Praiſe,
Our Characters we leſſen, when we'd raiſe:
Like Caſtles built by magick Art in Air,
That vaniſh at Approach, ſuch Thoughts appear;
But rais'd on Truth, by ſome judicious Hand,
As on a Rock they ſhall for Ages ſtand.
(7) Our King † return'd, and baniſh'd Peace reſtor'd,
The Muſe ran mad to ſee her exil'd Lord;
On the crack'd Stage the Bedlam Heroes roar'd.
And ſcarce could ſpeak one reaſonable Word;

---

* Lucan.

† *King* Charles II.

DRYDEN

DRYDEN himſelf, to pleaſe a frantick Age,
Was forc'd to let his Judgment ſtoop to Rage,
To a wild Audience he conform'd his Voice,
Comply'd to Cuſtom, but not err'd by Choice:
Deem then the Peoples, not the Writer's Sin,
ALMANSOR's Rage, and Rants of MAXIMIN;
That Fury ſpent in each elaborate Piece,
He vies for Fame with ancient ROME and GREECE.
Firſt † MULGRAVE roſe, ROSCOMMON next, like Light,
To clear our Darkneſs, and to guide our Flight;
With ſteady Judgment, and in lofty Sounds,
They gave us Patterns, and they ſet us Bounds;
The STAGIRITE and HORACE laid aſide,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign Guide:
Who ſeek from Poetry a laſting Name,
May in their Leſſons learn the Road to Fame:
But let the bold Adventurer be ſure
That every Line the Teſt of Truth endure;
On this Foundation may the Fabrick riſe,
Firm and unſhaken, till it touch the Skies.

---

† *Earl of* Mulgrave's *Eſſay upon Poetry*; *and Lord* Roſcommon's *upon Tranſlated Verſe.*

From

From Pulpits baniſh'd, from the Court, from Love,
Forſaken Truth ſeeks Shelter in the Grove;
Cheriſh, ye Muſes! the neglected Fair,
And take into your Train th'abandon'd Wanderer.

EXPLA-

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS

ON THE

FOREGOING POEM.

(1) *THE Poetick world is nothing but Fiction*; Parnaſſus, Pegaſus, *and the* Muſes, *pure Imagination and Chimæra: But being however a Syſtem univerſally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this Foundation, according to Nature, ſhall be reputed as Truth; but whatſoever ſhall diminiſh from, or exceed the juſt proportions of Nature, ſhall be rejected as falſe, and paſs for Extravagance; as Dwarfs and Giants, for Monſters.*

(2) *When* Homer, *mentioning* Achilles, *terms him a Lion, this is a Metaphor, and the Meaning is obvious and true, tho' the literal Senſe be falſe, the Poet intending thereby to give his Reader ſome Idea of the Strength and Fortitude of his Hero. Had he ſaid, that Wolf, or that Bear, this had been falſe, by preſenting an Image*

mage not conformable to the Nature and Character of a Hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles *are of diverſe ſorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: Some are as it were naturalized and eſtabliſhed by a cuſtomary way of Expreſſion; as when we ſay, ſuch a one's as ſwift as the Wind, whiter than Snow, or the like.* Homer *ſpeaking of* Nereus, *calls him, Beauty it ſelf*; Martial *of* Zoilus, *Lewdneſs it ſelf. Such Hyperboles lye indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore* Seneca *terms them Lyes that readily conduct our Imagination to Truths, and have an intelligible Signification, tho' the Expreſſion be ſtrain'd beyond Credibility. Cuſtom has likewiſe familiarized another way for Hyperboles, for Example, by Irony; as when we ſay of ſome infamous Woman, She's a civil Perſon, where the Meaning's to be taken quite oppoſite to the Letter. Theſe few Figures are mentioned only for Example ſake; it will be underſtood that all others are to be uſed with the like Care and Diſcretion.*

(4) *I needed not to have travelled ſo far for an extravagant Flight; I remember one of* Britiſh *Growth of the like Nature:*

See thoſe dead Bodies hence convey'd with Care,
Life may perhaps return --- with change of Air.

But I chooſe rather to correct gently, by foreign Examples, hoping that ſuch as are conſcious of the like Exceſſes will take the Hint, and ſecretly reprove themſelves. It may be poſſible for ſome Tempers to maintain Rage and Indignation to the laſt Gaſp; but the Soul and Body once parted, there muſt neceſſarily be a Determination of Action.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this Occaſion, as an Example for the preſent Purpoſe, two noble Lines of Jaſper Main's, *in the Collection of the* Oxford *Verſes printed in the Year* 1643, *upon the Death of my Grandfather Sir* Bevil Granville, *ſlain in the heat of Action at the Battle of* Landſdowne. *The Poet, after having deſcribed the Fight, the Soldiers animated by the Example of their Leader, and enraged at his Death, thus concludes,*

Thus he being ſlain, his *Action* fought anew,
And the Dead conquer'd, whilſt the Living ſlew.

This is agreeable to Truth, and within the Compaſs of Nature: It is thus only that the Dead can act.

(5) Le jour qu'elle nâquit, Venus bien qu'Immortelle,
Penſa mourir de honte, en la voyant ſi belle,
Les graces à l'envi deſcendirent des Cieux
Pour avoir l'honeur d'accompagner ſes yeux,
Et l'Amour, qui ne pût entrer dans ſon courage,
Voulut obſtinément loger ſur ſon Viſage.

This is a Lover's Deſcription of his Miſtreſs, by the great Corneille; *civil, to be ſure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any Body turn over* Waller, *and he will ſee how much more naturally and delicately the* Engliſh *Author treats the Article of Love, than this celebrated* Frenchman. *I would not however be thought by any derogatory Quotation to take from the Merit of a Writer whoſe Reputation is ſo univerſally and ſo juſtly eſtabliſhed in all Nations; but as I ſaid before, I rather chooſe, where any Failings are to be found, to correct my own Countrymen by foreign Examples, than to provoke them by Inſtances drawn from their own Writings.* Humanum eſt errare. *I cannot forbear one Quotation more from another celebrated* French *Author. It is an Epigram upon a Monument for* Francis *the firſt King of* France

France, *by way of Queſtion and Anſwer, which in* Engliſh *is* verbatim *thus,*

Under this Marble, who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a King beyond compare.
Why has ſo great a King, ſo ſmall a Stone?
Of that great King here's but the Heart alone.
Then of this Conqueror here lies but part?
No--- here he lies *all* --- for he was all *Heart.*

The Author was a Gaſcon, *to whom I can properly oppoſe no body ſo well as a* Welchman, *for which purpoſe I am farther furniſhed from the forementioned Collection of* Oxford *Verſes, with an Epigram by* Martin Lluellin *upon the ſame Subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a Boy. Beſides, from whence can we draw better Examples than from the very Seat and Nurſery of the* Muſes?

Thus ſlain, thy valiant * Anceſtor did lie,
When his one Bark a Navy did defy;

* Sir *Richard Granville,* Vice-Admiral of *England,* in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth,* maintain'd a Fight with his ſingle Ship againſt the whole Armada of *Spain,* conſiſting of fifty three of their beſt Men of War.

When now encompaſs'd round, he Victor ſtood,
And bath'd his Pinnace in his conquering Blood,
Till all the purple Current dry'd and ſpent,
He fell, and made the Waves his Monument.
Where ſhall the next fam'd *Granville's* Aſhes ſtand?
Thy Grandſire's fills the Sea, and thine the Land.

I cannot ſay the two laſt Lines, in which conſiſts the Sting or Point of the Epigram, are ſtrictly conformable to the Rule herein ſet down: the Word Aſhes, metaphorically, can ſignify nothing but Fame; which is meer Sound, and can fill no Space either of Land or Sea: The Welchman *however muſt be allow'd to have out-done the* Gaſcon. *The Fallacy of the* French *Epigram appears at firſt Sight; but the* Engliſh *ſtrikes the Fancy, ſuſpends and dazles the Judgment, and may perhaps be allow'd to paſs under the Shelter of thoſe daring Hyperboles, which by preſenting an obvious Meaning, make their way, according to* Seneca, *through the Incredible to True.*

(6) Victrix Cauſa Deis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni.

The Conſent of ſo many Ages having eſtabliſh'd the Reputation of this Line, it may perhaps be Preſumption to attack it; but it is not to be ſuppoſed that Cato, *who is deſcribed*

deſcribed to have been a Man of rigid Morals and ſtrict Devotion, more reſembling the Gods, than Men, would have choſen any Party in oppoſition to thoſe Gods, whom he profeſt to adore. The Poet would give us to underſtand, that his Hero was too righteous a Perſon to accompany the Divinities themſelves in an unjuſt Cauſe; but to repreſent a mortal Man to be either wiſer or juſter than the Deity, may ſhew the Impiety of the Writer, but add nothing to the Merit of the Hero; neither Reaſon nor Religion will allow it, and it is impoſſible for a corrupt Being to be more excellent than a divine: Succeſs implies Permiſſion, and not Approbation; to place the Gods always on the thriving Side, is to make them Partakers of all Succeſsful Wickedneſs: To judge right, we muſt wait for the Concluſion of the Action; the Cataſtrophe will beſt decide on which ſide is Providence, and the violent Death of Cæſar *acquits the Gods from being Companions of his Uſurpation.*

Lucan *was a determin'd Rebublican, no wonder he was a Free-thinker.*

(7) *Mr.* Dryden *in one of his Prologues has theſe two Lines:*

He's bound to pleaſe, not to write well, and knows
There is a Mode in Plays, as well as Cloaths.

From whence it is plain where he has expoſed himſelf to the Criticks; he was forced to follow the Faſhion to humour an Audience, and not to pleaſe himſelf. A hard Sacrifice to make for preſent Subſiſtence, eſpecially for ſuch as would have their Writings live as well as themſelves. Nor can the Poet whoſe Labours are his daily Bread, be deliver'd from this cruel Neceſſity, unleſs ſome more certain Encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain Profits of a Third Day, and the Theatre be put under ſome more impartial Management than the Juriſdiction of Players. Who write to live, muſt unavoidably comply with their Taſte by whoſe Approbation they ſubſiſt; ſome generous Prince, or Prime Miniſter like Richlieu, *can only find a Remedy. In his Epiſtle Dedicatory to the* Spaniſh Friar, *this incomparable Poet thus cenſures himſelf:*

" *I remember ſome Verſes of my own,* Maximin *and*
" Almanzor, *which cry Vengeance upon me for their*
" *Extravagance, &c. All I can ſay for thoſe Paſſages,*
" *which are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were*
" *bad enough to pleaſe, even when I wrote them; but*
" *I repent of them among my Sins: And if any of their*
" *Fellows*

" *Fellows intrude by chance into my preſent Writings,*
" *I draw a Stroke over thoſe* Dalilah's *of the Theatre,*
" *and am reſolved I will ſettle my ſelf no Reputation*
" *by the Applauſe of Fools: 'Tis not that I am morti-*
" *fied to all Ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take*
" *it from half-witted Judges, as I ſhould to raiſe an*
" *Eſtate by cheating of Bubbles: Neither do I diſcom-*
" *mend the lofty Style in Tragedy, which is pompous*
" *and magnificent; but nothing is truly ſublime, that*
" *is not juſt and proper.*

This may ſtand as an unanſwerable Apology for Mr. Dryden, *againſt his Criticks: And likewiſe for an unqueſtionable Authority to confirm thoſe Principles which the foregoing Poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be juſt and proper but what is built upon Truth.*

EPIGRAMS *and* CHARACTERS, *&c.*

INSCRIPTION *for a Figure repreſenting the* GOD of LOVE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy Lord and Maſter ſee,
Thou waſt my Slave, thou art, or thou ſhalt be.

DEFINITION of LOVE.

LOVE is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Deſtroy'd by Knowledge, and at beſt,
Loſt in the Moment 'tis poſſeſs'd.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to Cards may be compar'd; we play
A Round or two, when us'd, we throw away,

Take a freſh Pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty Leaving.

The RELIEF.

OF two Reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick Mind,
FLAVIA preſcribes Deſpair; I urge, be kind:
FLAVIA, be kind, the Remedy's as ſure,
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt Cure.

Sent to CLARINDA *with a Novel, entitled,* Les malheurs de l'Amour.

HASTE to CLARINDA, and reveal
Whatever Pains poor Lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the Fair
That I endure much more for her:
Who'd truly know Love's Pow'r or Smart,
Muſt view her Eyes, and read my Heart.

Written in her PRAYER-BOOK.

IN vain, CLARINDA, Night and Day
For Pity to the Gods you pray;
What Arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

SONG to the Same.

IN vain a thouſand Slaves have try'd
To overcome CLARINDA's Pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her Icy Heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and ſtraight ſhe's aw'd.

Fooliſh Creature,
Follow Nature,
Waſte not thus your Prime;
Youth's a Treaſure,
Love's a Pleaſure,
Both deſtroy'd by Time.

On the ſame.

CLARINDA, with a haughty Grace,
In ſcornful Poſtures ſets her Face,
And looks as ſhe were born alone
To give us Love, and take from none.
Tho' I adore to that degree,
CLARINDA, I would die for thee,

If

If you're too proud to eaſe my Pain,
I am too proud for your Diſdain.

Her NAME.

GUESS, and I'll frankly own her Name
Whoſe Eyes have kindled ſuch a Flame;
The SPARTAN or the CYPRIAN Queen
Had ne'er been ſung, had ſhe been ſeen.
Who ſet the very Gods at War,
Were but faint Images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'ns 'tis true!
The Sun in all his ample View
Sees nothing half ſo fair or bright,
Not ev'n his own reflected Light.
So ſweet a Face! ſuch graceful Mien!
Who can this be? ---'Tis HOWARD -- or BALLENDEN.

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her Wiſh, ſhe weds a Peer,
Her weighty Train two Pages ſcarce can bear;
PERSIA, and both the INDIES muſt provide,
To grace her Pomp, and gratify her Pride;

Of

Of rich Brocade a ſhining Robe ſhe wears,
And Gems ſurround her lovely Neck, like Stars;
Drawn by ſix Greys of the proud BELGIAN kind,
With a long Train of Livery Beaux behind,
She charms the Park, and ſets all Hearts on fire,
The Lady's Envy, and the Mens Deſire.
Beholding thus, O happy as a Queen!
We cry; but ſhift the gaudy flattering Scene;
View her at home, in her Domeſtick Light;
For thither ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at Night;
What has ſhe there? A ſurly ill-bred Lord,
Who chides, and ſnaps her up at every Word;
A brutal Sot, who while ſhe holds his Head,
With drunken Filth [illegible]wbs the nuptial Bed;
Sick to the Heart, ſhe breathes the nauſeous Fume
Of odious Steams, that poiſon all the Room;
Weeping all Night the trembling Creature lies,
And counts the tedious Hours when ſhe may riſe:
But moſt ſhe fears, leſt waking ſhe ſhould find,
To make amends, the Monſter would be kind;
Thoſe matchleſs Beauties, worthy of a God,
Muſt bear, tho' much averſe, the loathſome Load:
What then may be the Chance that next enſues?
Some vile Diſeaſe, freſh reeking from the Stews;
The ſecret Venom circling in her Veins,
Works thro' her Skin, and burſts in bloating Stains;

Her

Her Cheeks their Freſhneſs loſe, and wonted Grace,
And an unuſual Paleneſs ſpreads her Face;
Her Eyes grow dim, and her corrupted Breath
Tainting her Gums, infects her Iv'ry Teeth;
Of ſharp, nocturnal Anguiſh ſhe complains,
And, guiltleſs of the Cauſe, relates her Pains.
The conſcious Husband, whom like Symptoms ſeize,
Charges on her the Guilt of their Diſeaſe;
Affecting Fury acts a Madman's Part,
He'll rip the fatal Secret from her Heart;
Bids her confeſs, calls her ten thouſand Names;
In vain ſhe kneels, ſhe weeps, proteſts, exclaims;
Scarce with her Life ſhe 'ſcapes, expos'd to Shame,
In Body tortur'd, murder'd in her Fame,
Rots with a vile Adultereſs's Name.
Abandon'd by her Friends, without Defence,
And happy only in her Innocence.

Such is the Vengeance the juſt Gods provide
For thoſe who barter Liberty for Pride,
Who impiouſly invoke the Pow'rs above
To witneſs to falſe Vows of mutual Love.
Thouſands of poor CLEORA's may be found,
Such Husbands, and ſuch wretched Wives abound.

Ye guardian Pow'rs! the Arbiters of Bliſs,
Preſerve CLARINDA from a Fate like this;

You

You form'd her fair, not any Grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a Spark too much of Pride.
Reform that Failing, and protect her ſtill;
O ſave her from the Curſe of chooſing ill!
Deem it not Envy, or a jealous Care,
That moves theſe Wiſhes, or provokes this Pray'r;
Tho' worſe than Death I dread to ſee thoſe Charms
Allotted to ſome happier Mortals Arms,
Tormenting Thought! yet could I bear that Pain,
Or any Ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my Love forgets his own,
Nor frames one Wiſh, but for her ſake alone;
Whome'er the Gods have deſtin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, bleſſing her.

CLOE.

IMPATIENT with Deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay Forms aſide;
'Twas I was modeſt, not She chaſte,
CLOE, ſo gently preſs'd, comply'd.

With idle Awe, an am'rous Fool,
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear;

Say,

Say, LOVE, how came your Slave ſo dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to our ſelves the greateſt Foes,
Altho' the Nymph be well inclin'd;
For want of Courage to propoſe,
By our own Folly ſhe's unkind.

---

* Mrs. *CLAVERING*, ſinging.

WHEN we behold her Angel Face;
Or when ſhe ſings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear, or what we ſee,
So raviſhing's the Harmony,
The melting Soul in Rapture loſt,
Knows not which Charm enchants it moſt.

Sounds that made Hills and Rocks rejoice,
AMPHION's Lute, the SIREN's Voice,
Wonders with Pain receiv'd for true,
At once find Credit, and renew;
No Charms like CLAVERING's Voice ſurprize,
Except the Magick of her Eyes.

---

* *Afterwards Lady* Cowper.

SONG.

SONG

THE happieſt Mortals once were we,
I lov'd MIRA, MIRA me;
Each deſirous of the Bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd MIRA, MIRA me,
The happieſt Mortals once were we.

But ſince cruel Fates diſſever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all Pains, the greateſt Pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

The WILD BOAR's Defence.

A Boar who had enjoy'd a happy Reign
For many a Year, and fed on many a Man,
Call'd to account, ſoft'ning his ſavage Eyes,
Thus ſuppliant, pleads his Cauſe before he dies.
For what am I condemn'd? My Crime's no more
To eat a Man, than yours to eat a Boar:

We

We ſeek not you, but take what Chance provides,
Nature, and meer Neceſſity our Guides.
You murder us in Sport, then diſh us up
For drunken Feaſts, a Reliſh for the Cup:
We lengthen not our Meals; But you muſt feaſt,
Gorge till your Bellies burſt --- pray who's the Beaſt?
With your Humanity you keep a Fuſs,
But are in truth worſe Brutes than all of us:
We prey not on our Kind, but you, dear Brother,
Moſt beaſtly of all Beaſts, devour each other:
Kings worry Kings, Neighbour with Neighbour ſtrives,
Fathers and Sons, Friends, Brothers, Husbands, Wives,
By Fraud or Force, by Poiſon, Sword, or Gun,
Deſtroy each other, every Mother's Son.

For LIBERALITY.

THo' ſafe thou think'ſt thy Treaſure lies,
Hidden in Cheſts from Human Eyes,
A Fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my Friend, as far from thee.
Thy Veſſel that yon Ocean ſtems,
Loaded with golden Duſt, and Gems.
Purchas'd with ſo much Pains and Coſt,
Yet in a Tempeſt may be loſt

Pimps,

Pimps, Whores, and Bawds, a thankleſs Crew,
Prieſts, Pick-pockets, and Lawyers too,
All help by ſeveral ways to drain,
Thanking themſelves for what they gain:
The Liberal are ſecure alone,
For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

CORINNA.

CORINNA, in the Bloom of Youth
Was coy to ev'ry Lover,
Regardleſs of the tend'reſt Truth,
No ſoft Complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers, all at her Feet
Lay proſtrate and adoring;
The Witty, Handſome, Rich, and Great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, ſhe would repair
Her Loſs of Time, and Pleaſure;
With willing Eyes, and wanton Air,
Inviting every Gazer.

But

But Love's a Summer Flow'r, that dies
With the first Weather's changing,
The Lover, like the Swallow, flies
From Sun to Sun, still ranging.

MIRA, let this Example move
Your foolish Heart to Reason;
Youth is the proper Time for Love,
And Age is Virtue's Season.

CLOE.

BRIGHT as the Day, and like the Morning, fair,
Such CLOE is --- and common as the Air.

A RECEIPT for VAPOURS.

WHY pines my Dear? To FULVIA his young Bride,
Who weeping sat, thus aged CORNUS cry'd.
Alas! said she, such Visions break my Rest,
The strangest Thoughts! I think I am possest:
My Symptoms I have told to Men of Skill,
And if I would --- they say --- I might be well.

Take

Take their Advice, ſaid he, my poor dear Wife,
I'll buy at any Rate thy precious Life.
Bluſhing, ſhe would excuſe, but all in vain,
A Doctor muſt be fetch'd to eaſe her Pain.
Hard preſs'd, ſhe yields: From WHITE'S, or WILL'S,
or TOM'S,
No matter which, he's ſummon'd, and he comes.
The careful Husband, with a kind Embrace
Entreats his Care: Then bows, and quits the Place:
For little Ailments oft attend the Fair,
Not decent for a Husband's Eye, or Ear.
Something the Dame would ſay: The ready Knight
Prevents her Speech --- Here's that ſhall ſet you right,
Madam, ſaid he --- with that the Doors made cloſe,
He gives deliciouſly the Healing Doſe.
Alas! ſhe cries; Ah me! O cruel Cure!
Did ever Woman yet like me endure?
The Work perform'd, up riſing gay and light,
Old CORNUS is call'd in to ſee the Sight;
A ſprightly Red vermilions all her Face,
And her Eyes languiſh with unuſual Grace:
With Tears of Joy freſh guſhing from his Eyes,
O wound'rous Pow'r of Art! old CORNUS cries;
Amazing Change! aſtoniſhing Succeſs!
Thrice happy I! What a brave Doctor's this!

Maids;

Maids, Wives, and Widows, with ſuch Whims oppreſt,
May thus find certain Eaſe.---*Probatum eſt.*

On an ILL-FAVOUR'D LORD.

THAT MACRO's Looks are good, let no Man doubt,
Which I, his Friend and Servant---thus make out.
In every Line of his perfidious Face,
The ſecret Malice of his Heart we trace;
So fair the Warning, and ſo plainly writ.
Let none condemn the Light that ſhows a pit.
COCLES, whoſe Face finds Credit for his Heart,
Who can eſcape ſo ſmooth a Villain's Art?
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace that can perſuade,
Seeing we truſt, tho' ſure to be betray'd;
His Looks are Snares: But MACRO's, cry Beware,
Believe not, tho' ten thouſand Oaths he ſwear;
If thou'rt deceiv'd, obſerving well this Rule,
Not MACRO is the Knave, but thou the Fool.
In this one Point, He and his Looks agree,
As They betray their Maſter---ſo did He.

CLOE.

CLOE.

CLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,
'Tis well her Heart is tender,
How might ſuch killing Eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her?

But Nature graciouſly inclin'd
With lib'ral Hand to pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs Beauty join'd
A boundleſs Bent to eaſe us.

On the ſame.

OF injur'd Fame, and mighty Wrongs receiv'd,
CLOE complains, and wond'rouſly's aggriev'd:
That free, and laviſh of a beauteous Face,
The faireſt, and the fouleſt of her Race;
She's mine, or thine, and ſtroling up and down,
Sucks in more Filth, than any Sink in Town,
I not deny: This I have ſaid, 'tis true;
What Wrong! to give ſo bright a Nymph her due.

CORINNA.

CORINNA.

SO well CORINNA likes the Joy,
She vows ſhe'll never more be coy,
She drinks eternal Draughts of Pleaſure;
Eternal Draughts do not ſuffice,
O! give me, give me more ſhe cries,
Tis all too little, little Meaſure.

Thus wiſely ſhe makes up for Time
Miſpent, while Youth was in its Prime:
So Travellers who waſte the Day,
Careful and cautious of their Way.
Noting at length the ſetting Sun,
They mend their Pace as Night comes on,
Double their Speed to reach their Inn,
And whip and ſpur thro' thick and thin.

CLOE *perfuming herſelf.*

BELIEVE me, CLOE, thoſe perfumes that coſt
Such Sums to ſweeten thee, is Treaſure loſt;
Not all ARABIA would ſufficient be,
Thou ſmell'ſt not of thy Sweets, they ſtink of thee.

BELINDA.

BELINDA.

BELINDA's Pride's an errant Cheat,
A fooliſh Artifice to blind;
Some honeſt Glance that ſcorns Deceit
Does ſtill reveal her native Mind.

With Look demure, and forc'd Diſdain,
She idly acts the Saint;
We ſee thro' this Diſguiſe as plain
As we diſtinguiſh Paint.

So have I ſeen grave Fools deſign,
With formal Looks to paſs for wiſe;
But Nature is a Light will ſhine,
And break thro' all Diſguiſe.

IM PROMPTU.

Written under a Picture of the Counteſs of SANDWICH, *drawn in Man's Habit.*

WHEN SANDWICH in her Sex's Garb we ſee,
The Queen of Beauty then ſhe ſeems to be:

Now

Now fair ADDONIS in this Male Diſguiſe,
Or little CUPID with his Mother's Eyes.
No Style of Empire chang'd by this Remove,
Who ſeem'd the Goddeſs, ſeems the God of Love.

To my FRIEND.

Mr. *JOHN DRYDEN,*

On his ſeveral excellent Tranſlations of the ancient Poets.

AS Flow'rs tranſplanted from a Southern Sky,
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing die,
Miſſing their native Sun, at beſt retain
But a faint Odour, and ſurvive with Pain:
Thus ancient Wit, in modern Numbers taught,
Wanting the Warmth with which its Author wrote,
Is a dead Image, and a ſenſeleſs Draught.
While we transfuſe the nimble Spirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy ROMAN Wit deſire,
Muſt imitate with ROMAN Force and Fire,

In Elegance of Stile, and Phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling Genius, and the Flame;
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated Song,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong;
Celeſtial Poet! Soul of Harmony!
That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy Trumpet ſounds, the Dead are rais'd to Light,
Never to die, and take to Heav'n their Flight;
Deck'd in thy Verſe, as clad with Rays they ſhine,
All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.
As BRITAIN in rich Soil, abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for Uſe, for Luxury, and Pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton Sails on ev'ry Shore
For foreign Wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more;
To her own Wool the Silks of ASIA joins;
And to her plenteous Harveſts, INDIAN Mines:
So DRYDEN, not contented with the Fame
Of his own Works, tho' an immortal Name,
To lands remote, ſends forth his learned Muſe,
The nobleſt Seeds of foreign Wit to chooſe;
Feaſting our Senſe ſo many various ways,
Say, is't thy Bounty? Or thy Thirſt of Praiſe?
That by comparing others, all might ſee,
Who moſt excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

A Mor-

A Morning HYMN *to the Dutcheſs of* HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright HAMILTON, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love, and of the Day;
Awake, diſcloſe thy radiant Eyes,
And ſhew the Sun a brighter Ray.
PHOEBUS in vain calls forth the bluſhing Morn,
He but creates the Day which you adorn.
The Lark, that wont with warbling Throat
Early to ſalute the Skies,
Or ſleeps, or elſe ſuſpends his Note,
Diſclaiming Day till you ariſe.
Goddeſs awake, thy Beams diſplay,
Reſtore the Univerſe to Light,
When HAMILTON appears, then dawns the Day;
And when ſhe diſappears, begins the Night.
Lovers, who watchful Vigils keep,
(For Lovers never, never ſleep)
Wait for the Riſing of the Fair,
To offer Songs and Hymns of Pray'r;
Like PERSIANS to the Sun,
Ev'n Life, and Death, and Fate are there:

For in the Rolls of ancient Deſtiny,
Th' inevitable Book, 'twas noted down,
The Dying ſhould revive, the Living die,
As HAMILTON ſhall ſmile, as HAMILTON ſhall frown!

CHORUS.

Awake bright HAMILTON, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love, and of the Day,
Awake, diſcloſe thy radiant Eyes,
And ſhew the Sun a brighter Ray,
PHOEBUS in vain calls forth the bluſhing Morn,
He but creates the Day, which you adorn.

DRINKING SONG *to* SLEEP.

GREAT God of Sleep, ſince it muſt be,
That we muſt give ſome Hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free Bowl
Glows in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul;
That be my only Time to ſnore.
When I can laugh, and drink no more;
Short, very ſhort be then thy Reign,
For I'm in haſte to laugh and drink again.
But O! if melting in my Arms,
In ſome ſoft Dream, with all her Charms,

The

The Nymph belov'd ſhould then ſurprize,
And grant what waking ſhe denies;
Then, gentle Slumber, pr'ythee ſtay,
Slowly, Ah! ſlowly bring the Day,
Let no Rude Noiſe my Bliſs deſtroy,
Such ſweet Deluſion's real Joy.

Written under Mrs. HARE'S *Name, upon a Drinking Glaſs.*

THE Gods of Wine, and Wit, and Love prepare,
With chearful Bowls to celebrate the Fair:
Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite Toaſt,
And HARE'S the Goddeſs that delights him moſt;
PHOEBUS approves, and bids the Trumpet ſound,
And BACCHUS in a Bumper ſends it round.

Under the Dutcheſs of BOLTON'S.

LOVE'S keeneſt Darts are radiant BOLTON'S Care,
Which the bright Goddeſs poiſons with Deſpair:
The God of Wine the dire Effect foreſees,
And ſends the Juice that gives the Lover Eaſe.

Under the Lady HARPER's *Name.*

TO HARPER, ſprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the roſy Morn in MAY,
Fill to the Brim, I'll drink it up
To the laſt Drop, were poiſon in the Cup.

Under the Lady MARY VILLIERS' *Name.*

IF I not love you, VILLIERS, more
Than ever Mortal lov'd before,
With ſuch a Paſſion fixt and ſure,
As ev'n Poſſeſſion could not cure,
Never to ceaſe but with my Breath;
May then this Bumper be my Death.

CUPID DISARM'D.

To the Princeſs D'AUVERGNE.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
As he ſtood gazing on her Face,
Enchanted with each matchleſs Grace,

Loſt

Loſt in the Trance, he drops the Dart,
Which never fails to reach the Heart:
She ſeizes it, and arms her Hand,
" 'Tis thus I LOVE himſelf command;
" Now tremble, cruel Boy, ſhe ſaid,
" For all the Miſchief you have made."
The God, recovering his Surprize,
Truſts to his Wings, away he flies.
Swift as an Arrow cuts the Wind,
And leaves his whole Artillery behind.
Princeſs, reſtore the Boy his uſeleſs Darts,
With ſurer Charms you captivate our Hearts;
LOVE's Captives oft their Liberty regain,
Death only can releaſe us from your Chain.

EXPLICATION *in* FRENCH.

CUPIDON DESARMÉ.

Fable pour Madame la Princeſſe D'AUVERGNE.

CUPIDON *prenant plaſir de ſe trouver toûjours aupres d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre: Comme il admiroit un jour ſes graces inimitables, dans cette diſtraction de ſon Ame & de ſes Sens, il laiſſa tom-*

ber ce Dard fatal qui ne manque jamis de percer les Cœurs. Elle le ramaſſe ſoudain, & s'armant la belle main.

" C'eſt ainſi, dit Elle, que je me rend Maitreſſe de " l'Amour, tremblez, Enfant malin, je veux vanger " tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le Dieu etonné, revenant de ſa ſurprize, ſe fiant a ſes Ailes, s'echappe, & s'envole vite comme une Fleche qui fend l'Air, & lui laiſſe la poſſeſſion de toute ſon Artillerie.

Princeſſe rendez lui ſes Armes qui vous ſont inutiles : La Nature vous a donnée des Charmes plus puiſſants : Les Captives de l'Amour ſouvent recouvrent la Liberté ; Il n'y a que la mort ſeule qui puiſſe affranchir les votres.

BACCHUS DISARM'D.

To Mrs. LAURA DILLON, *now Lady* FALKLAND.

BACCHUS to Arms, the Enemy's at hand,
LAURA appears; Stand to your Glaſſes, ſtand,
The God of Love, the God of Wine defies,
Behold him in full March, in LAURA's Eyes:
BACCHUS to Arms, and to reſiſt the Dart,
Each with a faithful Brimmer guard his Heart.

Fly,

Fly, BACCHUS, fly, there's Treaſon in the Cup,
For LOVE comes pouring in with every Drop;
I feel him in my Heart, my Blood, my Brain,
Fly, BACCHUS fly, Reſiſtance is in vain;
Or craving Quarter, crown a friendly Bowl
To LAURA's Health, and give up all thy Soul.

THYRSIS and *DELIA.*

SONG in DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA, how long muſt I deſpair,
And tax you with Diſdain;
Still to my tender Love ſevere,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When Men of equal Merit love us,
And do with equal Ardor ſue,
THYRSIS, you know but one muſt move us,
Can I be yours and STREPHON's too?

My Eyes view both with mighty Pleaſure,
Impartial to your high Deſert,
To both alike, Eſteem I meaſure,
To one alone can give my Heart.

THYRSIS.

Myſterious Guide of Inclination,
Tell me, Tyrant, why am I
With equal Merit, equal Paſſion
Thus the Victim choſen to die?
Why am I
The Victim choſen to die?

DELIA.

On Fate alone depends Succeſs,
And Fancy, Reaſon over-rules,
Or why ſhould Virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often giv'n to Fools?

'Tis not the Valiant, nor the Witty,
But who alone is born to pleaſe;
Love does predeſtinate our Pity,
We chooſe but whom he firſt decrees.

A *Latin* INSCRIPTION on a Medal for LEWIS XIV. of FRANCE.

PROXIMUS & similis regnas, Ludovice, Tonanti,
Vim summam, summa cum pietate, geris,
Magnus es expansis alis, sed Maximus Armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin Cöeant toto Titania Fœdera Rheno,
Illa Aquilam tantùm, Gallia fulmen habet.

English'd, and apply'd to QUEEN ANNE.

NEXT to the Thunderer let ANNA stand,
In Piety Supreme, as in Command;
Fam'd for victorious Arms and generous Aid,
Young AUSTRIA's Refuge, and fierce BOURBON's Dread.
TITANIAN Leagues in vain shall brave the RHINE,
When to the Eagle, you the Thunder join.

URGAN-

*URGANDA*s PROPHECY.

Spoken by way of EPILOGUE *at the firſt Repreſentation of the* BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

PROPHETICK Fury rolls within my Breaſt,
And as at DELPHOS, when the foaming Prieſt
Full of his God, proclaims the diſtant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come;
My lab'ring Mind ſo ſtruggles to unfold
On BRITISH Ground a future Age of Gold;
But leſt incredulous you hear ---- behold:

Here a Scene repreſenting the QUEEN, *and the ſeveral Triumphs of Her Majeſty's Reign.*

High on a Throne appears the martial QUEEN,
With Grace ſublime, and with imperial Mien;
Surveying round her, with impartial Eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom ſhe ſhall chaſtiſe.
Next to her ſide, victorious MARLBRO' ſtands,
Waiting, obſervant of her dread Commands;
The QUEEN ordains, and like ALCIDES, He
Obeys, and executes her high Decree.

In

In ev'ry Line of her auſpicious Face
Soft Mercy ſmiles, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
So Angels look, and ſo when Heav'n decrees,
They ſcourge the World to Piety and Peace.
Empreſs and Conqu'rer, Hail! thee Fates ordain
O'er all the willing World ſole Arbitreſs to reign;
To no one People are thy Laws confin'd,
GREAT BRITAIN's Queen, but Guardian of Mankind;
Sure Hope of all who dire Oppreſſion bear,
For all th'Oppreſt become thy inſtant Care.
Nations of Conqueſt proud, thou tam'ſt to free,
Denouncing War, preſenting Liberty;
The Victor to the vanquiſh'd yields a Prize,
For in thy Triumph their Redemption lies;
Freedom and Peace, for raviſh'd Fame you give,
Invade to bleſs, and conquer to relieve.
So the Sun ſcorches, and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich Metals where he burns.
Taught by this great Example to be juſt,
Succeeding Kings ſhall well fulfil their Truſt;
Diſcord, and War, and Tyranny ſhall ceaſe,
And jarring Nations be compell'd to Peace;
Princes and States, like Subjects ſhall agree
To truſt her Pow'r, ſafe in her Piety.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE *to the* BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by Obſervation find it true,
'Tis harder much to pleaſe themſelves than you;
To weave a Plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd Scene; to poliſh ev'ry Line
Judgment muſt ſweat, and feel a Mother's Pains:
Vain Fools! thus to diſturb and rack their Brains,
When more indulgent to the Writer's Eaſe,
You are too good to be ſo hard to pleaſe;
No ſuch convulſive Pangs it will require
To write the pretty things which you admire.
Our Author then, to pleaſe you, in your way,
Preſents you now a Bauble of a Play;
In jingling Rhyme, well fortify'd and ſtrong,
He fights entrench'd o'er Head and Ears in Song.
If here and there ſome evil-fated Line,
Should chance thro' Inadvertancy to ſhine,
Forgive him, Beaux, he means you no Offence,
But begs you for the love of Song and Dance,
To pardon all the Poetry and Senſe.

Another

Another EPILOGUE *deſigned for the ſame.*

WIT once, like Beauty, without Art or Dreſs,
Naked, and unadorn'd, could find Succeſs,
Till by Fruition, Novelty deſtroy'd,
The Nymph muſt find new Charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his Equipage the Man you prize,
And Ladies muſt have Gems beſide their Eyes:
So fares it too with Plays; in vain we write,
Unleſs the Muſick and the Dance invite,
Scarce HAMLET clears the Charges of the Night.
Would you but fix ſome Standard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love;
Judge our Deſire by our Coſt and Pains,
Sure the Expence, uncertain are the Gains.
But tho' we fetch from ITALY and FRANCE
Our Fopperies of Tune, and Mode of Dance,
Our ſturdy BRITONS ſcorn to borrow Senſe:
Howe'er to foreign Faſhions we ſubmit,
Still every Fop prefers his Mother Wit.
In only Wit this Conſtancy is ſhown,
For never was that errant Changling known,
Who for another's Senſe would quit his own.

Our Author would excuſe theſe youthful Scenes,
Begotten at his Entrance in his Teens;

Some

Some childiſh Fancies may approve the Toy,
Some like the Muſe the more for being a Boy;
And Ladies ſhould be pleas'd, if not content,
To find ſo young a thing, not wholly impotent,
Our Stage-Reformers too he would diſarm,
In Charity ſo cold, in Zeal ſo warm;
And therefore to atone for Stage Abuſes,
And gain the Church-Indulgence for the Muſes,
He gives his Thirds --- to charitable Uſes.

PROLOGUE *to Mr.* BEVIL HIGGONS' *excellent Tragedy, call'd,* The GENEROUS CONQUEROR

YOUR Comick Writer is a common Foe,
None can intrigue in Peace, or be a Beau,
Nor wanton Wife, nor Widow can be ſped,
Not even * RUSSEL can inter the Dead,
But ſtraight this Cenſor, in his Whim of Wit,
Strips, and preſents you naked to the Pit.
Thus Criticks ſhould, like theſe, be branded Foes,
Who for the Poiſon only, ſuck the Roſe;

* Ruſſel, *a famous Undertaker for Funerals, Alluding to a Comedy written by Sir* Richard Steele, *entitled,* The Funeral.

Snarling

Snarling and carping, without Wit or Senſe;
Impeach Miſtakes, o'erlooking Excellence,
As if to ev'ry Fop it might belong,
Like Senators to cenſure, right or wrong.

But generous Minds have more heroick Views,
And Love and Honour are the Theams they chooſe,
† From yon bright Heav'n our Author fetch'd his Fire,
And paints the Paſſions that your Eyes inſpire:
Full of that Flame, his tender Scenes he warms,
And frames his Goddeſs by your matchleſs Charms.

EPILOGUE *to the* JEW *of* VENICE.

EACH in his Turn, the Poet *, and the Prieſt ‡,
Have view'd the Stage, but like falſe Prophets gueſs;
The Man of Zeal, in his religious Rage,
Would ſilence Poets, and reduce the Stage;
The Poet, raſhly to get clear, retorts
On Kings the Scandal, and beſpatters Courts.
Both err: For without mincing, to be plain,
The Guilt's your own of ev'ry odious Scene:

---

† *To the Ladies.*
* *Mr.* Dryden's *Prologue to the* Pilgrim.
‡ *Mr.* Collier's View of the Stage.

The

The preſent Time ſtill gives the Stage its Mode,
The Vices that you practiſe, we explode;
We hold the Glaſs, and but reflect your Shame,
Like SPARTANS, by expoſing, to reclaim.
The Scribler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to dine,
And to your Genius muſt conform his Line;
Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to ſubmit:
Would you encourage Senſe, Senſe would be Writ.
Good Plays we try, which after the firſt Day,
Unſeen we act, and to bare Benches play;
Plain Senſe, which pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,
Is loſt, without the Garniture of Show:
At vaſt Expence we labour to our Ruin,
And court your Favour with our own Undoing;
A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten---- is the Devil.
How was the Scene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When TIMON, without Muſick, moraliz'd?
SHAKESPEARE's Sublime in vain entic'd the Throng,
Without the Aid of PURCEL's Siren Song.
In the ſame antique Loom theſe Scenes were wrought,
Embelliſh'd with good Morals, and juſt Thought;
True Nature in her nobleſt Light you ſee,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry,
To trifling Jeſts, and fulſome Ribaldry.

What

What Ruſt remains upon the ſhining Maſs,
Antiquity muſt privilege to paſs. [carry,
'Tis SHAKESPEARE's Play, and if theſe Scenes miſ-
Let GORMON * take the Stage --- or Lady MARY †.

PROLOGUE *to the* SHE-GALLANTS; Or, *Once a Lover and always a Lover.*

AS quiet Monarchs that on peaceful Thrones,
In Sports and Revels, long had reign'd like Drones,
Rouzing at length, reflect with Guilt and Shame,
That not one Stroke had yet been giv'n for Fame;
Wars they denounce, and to redeem the paſt,
To bold Attempts, and rugged Labours haſte:
Our Poet ſo, with like concern reviews
The youthful Follies of a loveſick Muſe;
To am'rous Toils, and to the ſilent Grove,
To Beauty's Snares, and to deceitful Love
He bids farewell; His Shield and Lance prepares,
And mounts the Stage, to bid immortal Wars.
Vice, like ſome Monſter, ſuff'ring none t'eſcape,
Has ſeiz'd the Town, and varies ſtill her Shape:

---

* *A famous Prize-Fighter.* † *A famous Rope-dancer ſo call'd.*

Here

Here, like ſome General, ſhe ſtruts in State,
While Crouds in red and blue her Orders wait;
There, like ſome penſive Stateſman treads demure,
And ſmiles and hugs, to make Deſtruction ſure:
Now under high Commodes, with Looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy Colours deck'd;
Then in a Vizard, to avoid Grimace,
Allows all Freedom, but to ſee the Face.
In Pulpits and at Bar ſhe wears a Gown,
In Camps a Sword, in Palaces a Crown.
Reſolv'd to combat with this motley Beaſt
Our Poet comes to ſtrike one Stroke at leaſt.
His Glaſs he means not for this Jilt or Beau,
Some Features of you all he means to ſhow,
On choſen Heads, nor lets the Thunder fall,
But ſcatters his Artillery --- at all.
Yet to the Fair he fain would Quarter ſhow,
His tender Heart recoils at ev'ry Blow;
If unawares he gives too ſmart a Stroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

ODE

On the preſent CORRUPTION *of* MANKIND.

Inſcrib'd to the Lord *FALKLAND.*

I.

O FALKLAND! Offspring of a gen'rous Race,
Renown'd for Arms and Arts, in War and Peace.
My Kinſman, and my Friend! From whence this Curſe
Entail'd on Man, ſtill to grow worſe and worſe?

II.

Each Age induſtrious to invent new Crimes,
Strives to outdo in Guilt preceeding Times;
But now we'er ſo improv'd in all that's bad,
We ſhall leave nothing for our Sons to add.

III.

That Idol, Gold, poſſeſſes ev'ry Heart,
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is Art;
Virtue is Folly; Conſcience is a Jeſt;
Religion Gain, or Prieſtcraft at the beſt.

IV.

Friendſhip's a Cloak to hide ſome treach'rous End,
Your greateſt Foe, is your profeſſing Friend;

The

The Soul reſign'd, unguarded, and ſecure,
The Wound is deepeſt, and the Stroke moſt ſure.

V.

Juſtice is bought and ſold; the Bench, the Bar
Plead and decide, but Gold's th' Interpreter.
Pernicious Metal! thrice accurſt be he
Who found thee firſt; all Evils ſpring from thee.

VI.

Sires ſell their Sons, and Sons their Sires betray:
And Senates vote, as Armies fight, for Pay;
The Wife no longer is reſtrain'd by Shame,
But has the Husband's Leave to play the Game.

VII.

Diſeas'd, decrepit, from the mixt Embrace
Succeeds, of ſpurious Mold, a puny Race;
From ſuch Defenders what can BRITAIN hope?
And where, O Liberty! is now thy Prop?

VIII.

Not ſuch the Men who bent the ſtubborn Bow,
And learnt in rugged Sports to dare a Foe:
Not ſuch the Men who fill'd with Heaps of Slain
Fam'd AGINCOURT and CRESSY's bloody Plain.

IX.

Haughty BRITANNIA then, inur'd to Toil,
Spread far and near the Terrors of her Iſle;

True

True to herſelf, and to the publick Weal,
No GALLIC Gold could blunt the BRITISH Steel.

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in Arms wer't ſeen,
Eager for Glory on th'embattled Green,
When STANHOPE led thee thro' the Heats of SPAIN,
To die in Purple ALMANARA's Plain.

XI.

The reſcued EMPIRE, and the GAUL ſubdu'd,
In ANNA's Reign, our ancient Fame renew'd:
What BRITONS cou'd, when juſtly rous'd to War,
Let BLENHEIM ſpeak, and witneſs GIBRALTAR.

FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN FORTUNE ſeems to ſmile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking Ill, and hidden Miſchief near:
Us'd to her Frowns, I ſtand upon my Guard,
And arm'd in Virtue, keep my Soul prepar'd.
Fickle and falſe to others ſhe may be,
I can complain, but of her Conſtancy.

-------- *Virtutem à me,*
Fortunam ex aliis.------

PELEUS

PELEUS and THETIS.

A

MASQUE,

Set to MUSICK.

145

The ARGUMENT.

Peleus, *in love with* Thetis, *by the Aſſiſtance of* Proteus *obtains her Favour; but* Jupiter *interpoſing*, Peleus *in Deſpair conſults* Prometheus, *famous for his Skill in Aſtrology; upon whoſe Prophecy, that the Son born of* Thetis *ſhould prove greater than his Father*, Jupiter *deſiſts. The Prophecy was afterwards verify'd in the Birth of* Achilles, *the Son of* Peleus.

Perſons in the MASQUE.

JUPITER. | PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS. | THETIS.

The SCENE *repreſents Mount* Caucaſus; Prometheus *appears chain'd to a Rock, a Vulture gnawing his Breaſt.* Peleus *enters, addreſſing himſelf to* Prometheus.

PELEUS and *THETIS.*

A MASQUE, *Set to* MUSICK.

PELEUS.

CONDEMN'D on CAUCASUS to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain Pain, uncertain of Relief,
True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief!
To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given
To view the Planetary Way,
To penetrate eternal Day,
And to revolve the Starry Heaven.
To thee, PROMETHEUS, I complain,
And bring a Heart as full of Pain.

PROMETHEUS.

From JUPITER spring all our Woes,
THETIS is JOVE's, who once was thine:
'Tis vain, O PELEUS, to oppose
Thy Torturer, and mine.

Contented with Deſpair,
Reſign the Fair,
Reſign, Reſign,
Or wretched Man, prepare
For change of Torments, great as mine.

PELEUS.

In change of Torment would be Eaſe;
Could you divine what Lover's bear,
Ev'n you, PROMETHEUS, wou'd confeſs
There is no Vulture like Deſpair.

PROMETHEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour,

PELEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel THETIS, to diſdain.

THETIS *entring, they repeat together.*

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour,
Ceaſe, cruel THETIS, to diſdain.

THETIS.

PELEUS, unjuſtly you complain.

PROMETHEUS *and* PELEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour,
Ceaſe, cruel THETIS, to diſdain.

THETIS.

PELEUS, unjuſtly you complain.
The Gods, alas! no Refuge find
From Ills reſiſtleſs Fates ordain:
I ſtill am true---and would be kind.

PE-

PELEUS.

To love and to languiſh,
To ſigh and complain,
How cruel's the Anguiſh!
How tormenting the Pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the Curſe of Diſdain,
How tormenting's the Pain!
To love, &c.

THETIS.

Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,
Thro' which all Objects falſe we ſee,
Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thy Rival, PELEUS, rules the Sky,
Yet I ſo prize thy Love,
With PELEUS I wou'd chooſe to die,
Rather than reign with JOVE.

A Clap of Thunder; JUPITER *appears*; *deſcending upon his Eagle.*

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer's here;
Tremble PELEUS, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, PELEUS, tremble fly.

A full Chorus of Voices and Inſtruments as JUPITER *is deſcending.*

CHORUS.

But ſee, the mighty Thund'rer's here;
Tremble, PELEUS, tremble fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, PELEUS, tremble, fly.

[JUPITER *being deſcended.*]

JUPITER.

Preſumptuous Slave, Rival to JOVE,
How dar'ſt thou, Mortal, thus defy
A Goddeſs with audacious Love,
And irritate a God with Jealouſy?
Preſumptuous Mortal --- hence ---
Tremble at Omnipotence.

PELEUS.

Arm'd with Love and THETIS by,
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods,
But JOVE himſelf defy.
JOVE, lay thy Thunder down;
Arm'd with Love, and THETIS by,
There is more Terror in her Frown,
And fiercer Light'ning in her Eye:
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods,
But JOVE himſelf defy.

JUPI-

JUPITER.

Bring me Light'ning, give me Thunder,
Haſte, ye CYCLOPS, with your forked Rods,
This Rebel Love braves all the Gods.
Bring me Light'ning, give me Thunder.

PELEUS *and* THETIS, *holding faſt by one another.*

JOVE may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

JUPITER.

Bring me Light'ning, give me Thunder.

PELEUS *and* THETIS.

JOVE may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

THETIS *to* JUPITER.

Thy Love ſtill arm'd with Fate,
Is dreadful as thy Hate:
O might it prove to me,
So gentle PELEUS were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt conſuming SEMELE!
Thy Love ſtill arm'd with Fate,
Is dreadful as thy Hate.

PROMETHEUS *to* JUPITER.

Son of SATURN, take Advice
From one whom thy ſevere Decree
Has furniſh'd Leiſure to grow wiſe:
Thou rul'ſt the God's, but Fate rules thee.

[*The* PROPHECY.]

Whoe'er th'immortal Maid compreſſing,
Shall taſte Joy, and reap the Bleſſing,
Thus th'unerring Stars adviſe:
From that auſpicious Night an Heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal Glories to efface
The moſt illuſtrious of his Race,
Tho' ſprang from him who rules the Skies.

JUPITER [*Apart.*]

Shall then the Son of SATURN be undone,
Like SATURN, by an impious Son?
Juſtly th'impartial Fates conſpire,
Dooming that Son to be the Sire
Of ſuch another Son.
Conſcious of Ills that I have done,
My Fears to Prudence ſhall adviſe;
And Guilt that made me great, ſhall make me wiſe.
The fatal Bleſſing I reſign;
PELEUS, take the Maid divine: [*Giving her to* PELEUS.
JOVE conſenting ſhe is thine;
The fatal Bleſſing I reſign. [*Joins their Hands.*

PELEUS.

Heav'n had been loſt, had I been JOVE,
There is no Heav'n, there is no Heav'n but Love.

PE-

PELEUS *and* THETIS, *together.*

There is no Heav'n but Love,
No, no, no,
There is no Heav'n but Love.

JUPITER *to* PROMETHEUS.

And thou, the Stars Interpreter,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me Liberty:
Ariſe, and be thy ſelf a Star.
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me Liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of* PROMETHEUS, *his Chains fall off, and he is borne up to Heaven with* JUPITER *to a loud Flouriſh of all the Inſtruments.*

PELEUS *and* THETIS *run into each others Arms.*

PELEUS.

Fly, fly to my Arms, to my Arms,
Goddeſs of immortal Charms!
To my Arms, to my Arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of tranſporting Joy!
But to gaze
On thy Face,
Thy gentle Hand thus preſſing,
Is heav'nly, heavenly Bleſſing.

O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous Dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul!

THETIS.

You tremble, PELEUS----So do I----
Ah ſtay! and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of Race divine.
My Soul ſhall take its Flight with thine:
Life diſſolving in Delight,
Heaving Breaſts, and ſwimming Sight,
Falt'ring Speech, and gaſping Breath,
Symptoms of delicious Death,
Life diſſolving in Delight,
My Soul is ready for the Flight.
O my Soul,
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous Dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul!

PELEUS *and* THETIS, *Both together repeat,*

O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous Dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul!

CHORUS

CHORUS *of all the Voices and Inſtruments Singing and Dancing.*

When the Storm is blown over,
How bleſt is the Swain,
Who begins to diſcover
An End of his Pain!
When the Storm, &c.

The Mask concludes with Variety of Dances.

THE

THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

No MAGICK *like* LOVE.

A

DRAMATICK POEM,

WITH

SCENES, MACHINES, MUSICK, and DECORATIONS, &c.

THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

No MAGICK like LOVE.

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WITH

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and DECORATIONS, &c.

THE

PREFACE.

OF all publick Spectacles, that, which ſhould properly be called an OPERA, *is calculated to give the higheſt Delight. There is hardly any Art but what is required to furniſh towards the Entertainment; and there is ſomething or other to be provided that may touch every Senſe, and pleaſe every Palate.*

The Poet has a two-fold Task upon his Hands in the Dramatick, and the Lyrick: The Architect, the Painter, the Compoſer, the Actor, the Singer, the Dancer, &c. have each of them their ſeveral Employments in the Preparation, and in the Execution.

The ſame Materials indeed, in different Hands, will have different Succeſs; all depends upon a skilful Mixture of the various Ingredients: A bad Artiſt will make but a meer Hodge-podge with the ſame Materials that one of a good Taſte ſhall prepare an excellent Olio.

The Seaſoning muſt be Senſe; unleſs there is wherewithal to pleaſe the Underſtanding, the Eye and the Ear will ſoon grow tired.

The French *Opera is perfect in the Decorations, the Dancing, and Magnificence; the* Italian *excels in the Muſick and Voices; but the Drama falls ſhort in both.*

An Engliſh *Stomach requires ſomething ſolid and ſubſtantial, and will riſe hungary from a Regale of nothing but Sweet-meats.*

An Opera is a kind of Ambigu: The Table is finely illuminated, adorned with Flowers and Fruits, and every thing that the Seaſon affords fragrant or delightful to the Eye or the Odour; but unleſs there is ſomething too for the Appetite, 'tis odds but the Gueſts break up diſſatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the Poet alone to provide for that, in the Choice of his Fable, the Conduct of his Plot, the Harmony of his Numbers, the Elevation of his Sentiments, and the Juſtneſs of his Characters. In this conſiſts the Solid and the Subſtantial.

The Nature of this Entertainment requires the Plot to be formed upon ſome Story in which Enchanters and Magicians have a principal Part: In our modern Heroick Poems, they ſupply the Place of the Gods with the Ancients, and make a much more natural Appearance by being Mortals, with the Difference only of being endowed with ſupernatural Power.

The Characters ſhould be great and illuſtrious; the Figure the Actor makes upon the Stage, is one part of

the

the Ornament; by conſequence the Sentiments muſt be ſuitable to the Characters in which Love and Honour will have the principal Share.

The Dialogue, which in the French *and* Italian *is ſet to Notes, and ſung, I would have pronounced; if the Numbers are of themſelves harmonious, there will be no need of Muſick to ſet them off; a good Verſe, well pronounced, is in it ſelf muſical; and Speech is certainly more natural for Diſcourſe, than ſinging.*

Can any thing be more prepoſterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæſar, *and* Alexander the Great, *ſtrutting upon the Stage in the figure of Songſters, perſonated by Eunuchs?*

The Singing, therefore, ſhould be wholly applied to the Lyrical part of the Entertainment, which by being freed from a tireſome, unnatural Recitative, muſt certainly adminiſter more reaſonable Pleaſure.

The ſeveral Parts of the Entertainment ſhould be ſo ſuited to relieve one another, as to be tedious in none; and the Connexion ſhould be ſuch, that not one ſhould be able to ſubſiſt without the other; like Embroidery, ſo fixt and wrought into the Subſtance, that no part of the Ornament could be removed, without tearing the Stuff.

To introduce Singing and Dancing, by Head and Shoulders, no way relative to the Action, does not turn a Play into an Opera; tho' that Title is now promiſcuouſly

ouſly given to every Farce ſprinkled here and there with a Song and a Dance.

The richeſt Lace, ridiculouſly ſet on, will make but a Fool's Coat.

I will not take upon me to criticiſe what has appeared of this kind on the Engliſh *Stage: We have ſeveral Poems under the Name of Dramatick Operas by the beſt Hands; but in my Opinion the Subjects for the moſt part have been improperly choſen;* Mr. Addiſon's Roſamond, *and* Mr. Congreve's Semele, *tho' excellent in their kind, are rather Maſques, than Operas.*

As I cannot help being concern'd for the Honour of my Country, even in the minuteſt things, I am for endeavouring to out-do our Neighbours in Performances of all Kinds.

Thus, if the Splendor of the French *Opera, and the Harmony of the* Italian, *were ſo skilfully interwoven with the Charms of Poetry, upon a regular Dramatick Bottom, as to inſtruct, as well as delight, to improve the Mind, as well as raviſh the Senſe, there can be no doubt but ſuch an Addition would entitle our* Engliſh *Opera to the Preference of all others. The third Part of the Encouragaement, of which we have been ſo liberal to Foreigners for a Conſort of Muſick only, miſ-call'd an Opera, would more than effect it.*

In the Conſtruction of the following Poem, the Au-

thor

thor has endeavoured to ſet an Example to his Rules; Precepts are beſt explained by Examples; an abler Hand might have executed it better. However, it may ſerve for a Model to be improv'd upon, when we grow weary of Scenes of low Life, and return to a Taſte of more generous Pleaſures.

We are reproached by Foreigners with ſuch unnatural Irregularities in our Dramatick Pieces, as are ſhocking to all other Nations; even a Swiſs *has play'd the Critick upon us, without conſidering they are as little approved by the Judicious in our own. A Stranger who is ignorant of the Language, and incapable of judging of the Sentiments, condemns by the Eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he ſees: When* Oedipus *breaks his Neck out of a Balcony, and* Jocaſta *appears in her Bed, murdering herſelf and her Children, inſtead of moving Terror, or Compaſſion, ſuch Spectacles only fill the Spectator with Horror: No wonder if Strangers are ſhock'd at ſuch Sights, and conclude us a Nation hardly yet civiliz'd, that can ſeem to delight in them. To remove this Reproach, it is much to be wiſhed our Scenes were leſs bloody, and the Sword and Dagger more out of Faſhion. To make ſome amends for this Excluſion, I would be leſs ſevere as to the Rigour of ſome other Laws enacted by the Maſters, tho' it is always adviſeable to*

keep as close to them as possible; but Reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the Nature of certain Subjects proper for moving the Passions, may require a little more Latitude, and then, without Offence to the Criticks sure, there may be room for a saving in Equity from the Severity of the common Law of Parnassus, as well as of the Kings-bench. *To sacrifice a principal Beauty, upon which the Success of the whole may depend, is being too strictly tied down; in such a Case,* Summum jus, *may be* Summa injuria.

Corneille *himself complains of finding his Genius often cramped by his own Rules:* "*There is infinite Difference (says he) between Speculation and Practice: Let* "*the severest Critick make the trial, he will be convinc'd* "*by his own Experience, that upon certain Occasions too* "*strict an Adherence to the Letter of the Law, shall* "*exclude a bright Opportunity of shining, or touching* "*the Passions. Where the Breach is of little moment,* "*or can be contrived to be as it were, imperceptible in* "*the Representation, a gentle Dispensation might be al-*"*lowed.*" *To those little Freedoms he attributes the Success of his* Cyd: *But the rigid Legislators of the Academy handled him so roughly for it, that he never durst make the Venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinion'd, the* French *Muse must always flutter, like*

like a Bird with the Wings cut, incapable of a lofty Flight.

The Dialogue of their Tragedies is under the ſame Conſtraint as the Conſtruction; not a Diſcourſe, but an Oration; not Speaking, but Declaiming; not free, natural, and eaſy, as Converſation ſhould be, but preciſe, ſet, formal Argumenting, Pro *and* Con, *like Diſputants in a School. In Writing, like Dreſs, is it not poſſible to be too exact, too ſtarched, and too formal? Pleaſing Negligence I have ſeen: Who ever ſaw pleaſing Formality?*

In a Word, all Extreams are to be avoided. To be a French *Puritan in the* Drama, *or an* Engliſh *Latitudinarian, is taking different Paths to be both out of the Road. If the* Britiſh *Muſe is too unruly, the* French *is too tame; one wants a Curb, the other a Spur.*

By pleading for ſome little Relaxation from the utmoſt Severity of the Rules, where the Subject may ſeem to require it, I am not beſpeaking any ſuch Indulgence for the preſent Performance: Tho' the Ancients have left us no Pattern to follow of this Species of Tragedy, I perceive, upon Examination, that I have been attentive to their ſtricteſt Leſſons.

The Unities are religiouſly obſerved: The Place is the ſame, varied only into different Proſpects by the Power of Enchantment: All the Incidents fall naturally within the very Time of Repreſentation; The Plot is one princi-

pal

pal Action, and of that kind which introduces variety of Turns and Changes, all tending to the same Point: The Ornaments and Decorations are of a Piece with it, so that one could not well subsist without the other: Every Act concludes with some unexpected Revolution: And in the End, Vice is punished, Virtue rewarded, and the Moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the Dialogue of graver Tragedy, seems to me the most proper Style for Representations of this Heroick Romantick kind, and best adapted to accompany Musick. The solemn Language of a haughty Tyrant will by no means become a passionate Lover, and tender Sentiments require the softest Colouring.

The Theme must govern the Style; every Thought, every Character, every Subject of a different Nature, must speak a different Language. An humble Lover's gentle address to his Mistress would rumble strangely in the Miltonick *Dialect; and the soft Harmony of Mr.* Waller's *Numbers would as ill become the Mouths of* Lucifer *and* Belzebub. *The Terrible, and the Tender, must be set to different Notes of Musick.*

To conclude. This Dramatick Attempt was the first Essay of a very infant Muse, rather as a Task at such Hours as were free from other Exercises, than any way meant for publick Entertainment: But Mr. Betterton

having

having had a casual Sight of it many Years after it was written, begg'd it for the Stage, where it found so favourable a Reception, as to have an uninterrupted Run of at least Forty Days. The Separation of the principal Actors which soon followed; and the Introduction of the Italian *Opera, put a Stop to its farther Appearance.*

Had it been composed at a riper time of Life, the Faults might have been fewer: However, upon revising it now, at so great a Distance of Time, with a cooler Judgment than the first Conceptions of Youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say, Scripsisse pudet.

PERSONS NAMES.

MEN.

CELIUS, *a* British *King, Father to* ORIANA.

CONSTANTIUS, *a* Roman *Emperor, design'd for Marriage with* ORIANA.

AMADIS of GAUL, *a famous Knight Adventurer, in love with* ORIANA.

FLORESTAN, *his Companion, in love with* CORISANDA.

ARCALAUS, *a wicked Enchanter, Enemy to* AMADIS.

LUCIUS, *a* Roman *of the Emperor's Train.*

WOMEN.

ORIANA, *in love with* AMADIS, *but given in Marriage to* CONSTANTIUS.

CORISANDA, *betrothed to* FLORESTAN.

URGANDA, *a good Enchantress, Friend to* AMADIS.

ARCABON, *Sister to* ARCALAUS.

DELIA, *an Attendant to* URGANDA.

Troops of Magicians attending the several Enchanters. Knights and Ladies, Captives. Men and Women attending the British *Court. Priests, or Druids.* Romans *attending* Constantius. *Singers, Dancers,* &c.

SCENE *the King's Palace, and Parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a Symphony of all sorts of Instruments of Musick. The Scene represents an Enchanted Grove, adorn'd and beautified with Fountains, Statues, &c. URGANDA *aud* DELIA *performing some solemn Ceremony of Enchantment. A full Stage of Singers and Dancers.*

URGANDA, *and* DELIA.

URGANDA.

SOUND, sound, ye Winds, the rended Clouds divide,
Fright back the Priest, and save a trembling Bride;
Assist an injur'd Lover's faithful Love:
An injur'd Lover's Cause is worthy JOVE.

Del. Successful is our Charm: The Temple shakes,
The Altar nods, th' astonish'd Priest forsakes
The hallow'd Shrine, starts from the Bridegroom's Side,
Breaks off the Rites, and leaves the Knot unty'd.

Urg. Ye sweet Musicians of the Sky,
Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting Notes all Magick else supply.

[URGANDA *and* DELIA *retire down the Scene, waving their enchanted Rods, as continuing the Ceremony.*

A full Chorus of Inſtruments and Voices.

Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,
Strike the Lyre, inſpire the Flute;
In Harmony,
Celeſtial Harmony,
All magick Charms are found;
Sound the Trumpet, ſound.

[Here the Statues leap from their Pedeſtals, and form variety of Dances.

Chorus of Singers after the Dance.

Muſick ſo charms, and does ſo ſweetly wound,
That ev'ry Senſe is raviſh'd with the Sound.

A Single Voice.

When Nymphs are coy,
And fly from Joy,
The Shepherd takes his Reed;
He plays a Tune,
She ſtops as ſoon,
And ſtraight they are agreed.

The

The Battle near,
When Cowards fear,
The Drum and Trumpet sounds;
Their Courage warms,
They rush to Arms,
And brave a thousand Wounds.

CHORUS.

By Harmony our souls are sway'd;
By Harmony the World was made.

A Second DANCE.

Singers again advance.

A single Voice

When with adoring Looks we gaze
On bright ORIANA'*s heavenly Face,*
In ev'ry Glance, and ev'ry Grace,
What is it that we see.
But Harmony,
Celestial Harmony!
Our ravish'd Hearts leap up to meet
The Musick of her Eyes,
The Musick of her Eyes,
And dance around her Feet.

Full Chorus of Voices and Instruments, as at first.

Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute.
Strike the Lyre, inspire the Flute;

In Harmony,
Celeſtial Harmony,
All magick Charms are found;
Sound the Trumpet, ſound.

A Third DANCE

URGANDA *and* DELIA *come forward.*

Urg. This Care for AMADIS, ye Gods, approve,
For what's a Soldier's Recompence but Love?
When forc'd from BRITAIN, call'd to diſtant War,
His vanquiſh'd Heart remain'd a Captive here;
ORIANA's Eyes that glorious Conqueſt made,
Nor was his Love ungratefully repaid.

Del. By ARCABON, like hoſtile JUNO, croſt,
And like ÆNEAS driv'n from Coaſt to Coaſt,
The wand'ring Hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by ORIANA with the Crimes of Fate;
Who anxious of Neglect, ſuſpecting Change,
Conſults her Pride, and meditates Revenge.

Urg. Juſt in the Moment, when Reſentment fires,
A charming Rival tempts, a rugged King requires:
Love yields at laſt, thus combated by Pride,
And ſhe ſubmits to be the ROMAN's Bride.

Del. Did not your Art with timely Charms provide,
ORIANA were his Wife, and not his Bride.

Urg. In ancient Times, ere Chivalry was known
The Infant World with Monſters overgrown,

Centaurs

Centaurs and Giants, nurſt with human Blood,
And dire Magicians, an infernal Brood,
Vex'd Men and Gods: but moſt the Fair complain,
Of violated Loves, and Lovers ſlain.
To ſhelter Innocence, and injur'd Right,
The Nations all elect ſome Patron-Knight,
Sworn to be true to Love, and Slaves to Fame,
And many a valiant Chief enrolls his Name;
By ſhining Marks diſtinguiſh'd they appear,
And various Orders various Enſigns wear.
Bound by ſtrict Oaths, to ſerve the brighteſt Eyes,
Not more they ſtrive for Glory, than the Prize;
While to invite the Toil, the faireſt Dame
Of BRITAIN is the boldeſt Champion's Claim.

Del. Of all who in this Race of Fame delight,
Brave AMADIS is own'd the hardy'ſt Knight.
Nor THESEUS, nor ALCIDES, ventur'd more,
Nor he ſo fam'd, who, bath'd in Monſter's Gore,
Upon his creſted Helm the trampled Dragon bore.

Urg. ARDAN, that black Enchanter, whoſe dire Arts
Enſlav'd our Knights, and broke our Virgins Hearts,
Met Spear to Spear, his great delivering Hand
Slew the Deſtroyer, and redeem'd the Land;
Far from thy Breaſt all Care and Grief remove,
ORIANA's thine, by Conqueſt as by Love.

Del. But haughty ARCABON, of ARDAN's Blood,
And ARCALAUS, Foes alike to Good,
Gluttons in Murder, wanton to deſtroy,
Their fatal Arts as impiouſly employ:
Heirs to their Brother's Miſchiefs, and ſworn Foes
To AMADIS, their Magick they oppoſe
Againſt his Love and Life.

Urg. ——————With equal Care,
Their Vengeance to prevent, we thus prepare.
Behold the Time, when tender Love ſhall be
Nor vext with Doubt, nor preſt with Tyranny.
The love-ſick Hero ſhall from Camps remove,
To reap Reward: The Hero's Pay is Love.
The Tasks of Glory painful are, and hard,
But ah! how bleſt, how ſweet is the Reward!

As ſhe retires, Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments repeat.

Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,
Strike the Lyre, inſpire the Flute;
In Harmony,
Celeſtial Harmony,
All magick Charms are found;
Sound the Trumpet, ſound

SCENE

SCENE II.

The SCENE *changes to the Inside of a magnificent Temple.* *King* CELIUS, *and the* British *Court. Men and Women magnificently dreſs'd in painted Habits, after the ancient manner. The Prieſts and Druids in their Solemnities, ſeeming in Confuſion, replacing their Idols, and ſetting their Altars in order. Thunder and Light'ning. In the mean time* CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, *and* CORISANDA *come forward.*

Conſt. Lovers conſult not Stars, nor ſearch the Skies,
But ſeek their Sentence in their Charmers Eyes.
Careleſs of Thunder from the Clouds that break,
My only Omens from your Looks I take;
When my ORIANA ſmiles, from thence I date
My future Hope; and when ſhe frowns, my Fate.

Ori. Ceaſe, Prince, the Anger of the Gods to move
'Tis now become a Crime to mention Love.
Our holy Men interpreting the Voice
Of Heav'n in Wrath, forewarn th'ill-omen'd Choice.

Conſt. Strange Rules for Conſtancy your Prieſts deviſe,
If Love and Hate muſt vary with your Skies.

From ſuch vile Servitude ſet Reaſon free;
The Gods in ev'ry Circumſtance agree
To ſuit our Union, pointing out to me;
In this right Hand the Scepter that they place,
For me to guide, was meant for you to grace.
Thou beſt and faireſt of the beauteous Kind,
Accept that Empire which the Gods deſign'd,
And be the charming Miſtreſs of Mankind.

Cor. Nuptials of Form, of Int'reſt, or of State,
Thoſe Seeds of Pride, are fruitful in Debate;
Let happy Men for gen'rous Love declare,
And chooſe the gentle Virgin, chaſte, and fair:
Let Women to ſuperior Fortune born,
For naked Virtue, all Temptations ſcorn;
The Charm's immortal to a gallant Mind,
If Gratitude cement whom Love has join'd.
And Providence, not niggardly, but wiſe,
Here laviſhly beſtows, and there denies,
That by each other's Virtue we may riſe.
Weak the bare Tie of Man and Wife we find,
But Friend and Benefactor always bind.

The King *advances, followed by Prieſts and Train.*

King. Our Prieſts recover: 'Twas a Holy Cheat;
Lead back the Bride, the Ceremonies wait.

Ori.

Ori. What Heav'n forbids ----

King. ——————'Twas Ign'rance of my Will,
Our Prieſts are better taught: What now is ill,
Shall, when I pleaſe be good; and none ſhall dare
Preach or expound, but what their King wou'd hear.
[*Prieſts bow profoundly low.*
Ere they interpret, let 'em mark my Nod,
My Voice their Thunder, this right Arm their God.
[*Looking ſternly at 'em they bow again as before.*
Prince take your Bride,

Ori. 'Twere impious now to ſuffer him my Hand.
[*Refuſing her Hand.*

King. How dar'ſt thou diſobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be diſturb'd at Tears,
A counterfeited Qualm of Bridal Fears:
You'd ſee, cou'd you her inward Motions watch,
Feigning Delay, ſhe wiſhes for Diſpatch;
Into a Womans Meaning wou'd you look,
Then read her backward, like a Wizard's Book.
Prieſts, to your Charge --- back to your Office go.
[*Spoken with a ſtern, imperious Air. Prieſts retire, obſequiouſly bowing, as before.*

Ori. Th' Obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread Sir, ſhall ever be obſerv'd by me;
It is not to diſpute your high Decree

That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One Moment's ſhort Suſpenſe; I own your Pow'r
And I ſubmit. Grant but this ſmall Delay,
And as the Prince decides, ORIANA ſhall obey.

Conſt. I have no Will but what your Eyes ordain,
Deſtin'd to Love, as they are doom'd to reign.

King. [*Aſide*] Into what Hands, ye Gods! have ye reſign'd
Your World? Are theſe the Maſters of Mankind?
Theſe ſupple ROMANS teach our Women Scorn;
I thank ye, Gods, that I'm a BRITON born.
[*To them*] Agree theſe Trifles in a ſhort Debate;
No more Delays, I am not us'd to wait.

[*King* CELIUS *retires back into the Temple.*

ORIANA, CONSTANTIUS, *and* CORISANDA, *after a ſhort Pauſe.*

Ori. Your Stars and mine have choſen you, to prove
The nobleſt way how gen'rous Men ſhou'd love;
All boaſt their Flames, but yet no Woman found
A Paſſion, where Self-love was not the Ground.
Slaves we are made, by falſe Pretences caught,
The BRITON in my Soul diſdains the Thought.

Conſt. So much, ſo tenderly your Slave adores,
He has no thought of Happineſs, but yours. [prevail,

Ori. Vows may be feign'd, nor ſhall meer Words
I muſt have Proofs, but Proofs that cannot fail.

By

By Arms, by Honour, and by all that's dear
To Heroes, or expecting Lover's ſwear.

Conſt. Needs there an Oath? and can ORIANA ſay,
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

Ori. Prepare then, Prince, to hear a Secret told,
Which Shame wou'd ſhun, and bluſhing I unfold,
But Danger's preſſing, Cowards will grow bold:
Know --- then --- I love. [confeſs,

Conſt. [*eagerly*] Can you command Deſpair, yet Love
And curſe with the ſame Breath with which you bleſs?

Ori. [*Diſdainfully putting him off.*]
Miſtake me not --- that I do love, is true,
But flatter not your ſelf, it is not you.

Conſt. [*ſtarting*] Forbid it, Gods, recall the fatal Breath
Which ſpoke that Word, the Sound is inſtant Death.

Ori. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal Truth --- if one muſt die,
You are the Judge; ſay, is it you --- or I?

A Meſſenger from the Temple.

Meſſ. The King is much diſpleas'd at this Delay,

CONSTANTIUS *walking about in a paſſion.*

Conſt. And let him wait, while 'tis my Will to ſtay.

Ori. Bear back a gentler Anſwer: we'll obey.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Conſt. Hence ev'ry Sound that's either ſoft, or kind;
O for a War like that within my Mind!

Say,

Say, Flatterer, ſay, ah! fair Deluder, ſpeak,
Anſwer me this, ere yet my Heart ſhall break;
Since thus engag'd, you never cou'd intend
Your Love, why was I flatter'd with your Hand?

Ori. To what a Father and a King thinks fit,
A Daughter and a Subject muſt ſubmit.
Think not from Tyranny that Love can grow;
I am a Slave, and you have made me ſo.
Thoſe Chains which Duty hath put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Conſt. Cruel ORIANA, much you wrong my Flame,
To think that I could lay ſo harſh a Claim.
Love is a Subject to himſelf alone,
And knows no other Empire but his own;
No Ties can bind, which from Conſtraint ariſe,
Where either's forc'd, all Obligation dies.
O fatal Law! requiring to reſign
The Object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

Ori. [*ſoothingly*] Accuſe me not of Hate, with equal [Eyes
I judge your Merit, and your Virtue prize:
Friendſhip, Eſteem, be yours, bereft before
Of all my Love, what can I offer more?
Your Rival's Image in your Worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, eſteem in you;
Had your Complaint been firſt, it might have mov'd;
He then had been eſteem'd, and you belov'd:

Then

Then blame me not, ſince what decides your Fate,
Is that you pleaded laſt, and came too late.

Cor. Hard Fate of Merit! Fortune holds the Scale,
And ſtill throws in the Weight that muſt prevail!
Your Rival is not of more Charms poſſeſt,
A Grain of better Luck has made him bleſt.

Conſt. [*aſide*] To love and have the Power to poſſeſs,
And yet reſign, can Nature yield to this;
Shall Nature, erring from her firſt Command,
Self-Preſervation, fall by her own Hand?
By her own Act, the Springs of Life deſtroy,
The Principles, and Being of her Joy?
Tormenting Thought! Can Nature then approve
Bleſſings obtain'd, by curſing whom we love.
Poſſeſſing, ſhe is loſt---renouncing---I--- [die.
Where's then the Doubt?---Die, die, CONSTANTIUS,
Honour, and love, ye Tyrants, I obey,
Where'er your cruel Call directs my Way;
To Shame, to Chains, or to a certain Grave,
Lead on, unpitying Guides---behold your Slave.

Ori. Tho' Love be wanting to relieve your Care,
Glory may make amends, with Fame in War;
Honour's the nobleſt Chace, purſue that Game,
And recompenſe the Loſs of Love with Fame;
If ſtill againſt ſuch Aids your Love prevails,
Yet Abſence is a Cure that ſeldom fails.

Conſt.

Conſt. Tyrannick Honour! what amends canſt thou
E'er make my Heart, by flattering my Brow?
Vain Race of Fame! unleſs the Conqueſt prove
In ſearch of Beauty, to conclude in Love.
Frail Hope of Aids! for Time or Chance to give,
That Love, which, ſpite of Cruelty, can live!
From your Diſdain, ſince no Relief I find,
I muſt love abſent, whom I love unkind;
Tho' Seas divide us, and tho' Mountains part,
That fatal Form will ever haunt my Heart.
O dire Reverſe of Hope, which I endure,
From ſure poſſeſſion, to deſpair as ſure!
Farewel, ORIANA---yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuſe one Tear to bleeding Love?
Ah! no, take heed---turn, turn thoſe Eyes away,
The Charm's ſo ſtrong, I ſhall for ever ſtay.
Princeſs, rejoice---for your next News ſhall be,
CONSTANTIUS dies---to ſet ORIANA free.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE, *a thick wooded Foreſt, the Trees loaded with military Enſigns and Trophies. A rich Pavilion makes the Point of View at the farther end.*

ARCALAUS, *and* ARCABON.

ARCALAUS.

ENCHANTRESS, ſay---whence ſuch Replies as theſe?
Thou anſwer'ſt Love, I ſpeak of AMADIS.

Arcab. Swiftly he paſs'd, and, as in Sport purſu'd
The ſavage Herd, and ſcower'd thro' the Wood;
Tigers and Wolves in vain his Stroke withſtand,
Cut down, like Poppies, by the Reaper's Hand;
Like MARS he look'd, as terrible and ſtrong;
Like JOVE, majeſtick; like APOLLO, young;
With all their Attributes divinely grac'd,
And ſure their Thunder in his Arm was plac'd.

Arcal. Who paſs'd? Who look'd?

Arcab. ——————Ah! there's the fatal Wound,
Which tears my Heart-ſtrings ---but he ſhall be found;
Yes, ye Infernals, if there's Pow'r in Art,
Theſe Arms ſhall hold him, as he graſps my Heart.

Shall

Shall I, who can draw down the Moon, and keep
The Stars confin'd, enchant the boiſt'rous Deep?
Bid BOREAS halt, make Hills and Foreſts move,
Shall I---

Arcal. -- Be made a whining Fool to Love?
Suſpend theſe Follies, and let Rage ſurmount,
A Brother's Death requires a ſtrict Account;
To-Day, To-Day, perhaps this very Hour,
This Moment, now, the Murth'rer's in our Pow'r.
Leave Love in Cottages and Cells to reign,
With Nymphs obſcure, and with the lowly Swain;
Who waſte their Days and Strength in ſuch ſhort Joys,
Are Fools, who barter Life and Fame for Toys.

Arcab. They're Fools who preach we waſte our Days and Strength,
What is a Life, whoſe only Charm is Length;
Give me a Life that's ſhort, and wing'd with Joy,
A Life of Love, whoſe Minutes never cloy:
What is an Age in dull Renown drudg'd o'er?
One little ſingle Hour of Love is more.

An Attendant enters haſtily, and whiſpers ARCALAUS.

Arcal. See it perform'd---and thou ſhalt be,
Black Miniſter of Hell---a God to me.

[*Attendant flies away thro' the Air.*

He comes, he comes, juſt ready to be caught.
Here ARDAN fell, here, on this fatal Spot

Our

Our Brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious Gore,
The purple Flood, which cries aloud for more:
Think on that Image, ſee him on the ground,
His Life and Fame both bury'd in one Wound:
Think on the Murtherer, with inſulting Pride
Tearing the Weapon from his bleeding Side:
Oh think ———

Arcab. What need theſe bloody Images to move?
Revenge I will; and would ſecure my Love:
Why ſhould I of a Frailty ſhameful be,
From which no Mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce MEDEA, Miſtreſs of our Art,
Nor CIRCE, nor CALYPSO 'ſcap'd the Smart.
If Hell has Pow'r, both Paſſions I will pleaſe,
My Vengeance and my Love ſhall both have Eaſe.
Lead on, Magician, make Revenge ſecure,
My Hand's as ready, and ſhall ſtrike as ſure.

[*They go off.*

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA *entring from the lower part of the Scene.*

Ori. Thrice happy they, who thus in ſilent Groves,
From Courts retir'd, poſſeſs their peaceful Loves.
Of Royal Maids, how wretched is the Fate,
Born only to be Victims of the State;
Our Hopes, our Wiſhes, all our Paſſions ty'd
For publick Uſe; the Slaves of others Pride.

Here

Here let us wait th' Event, on which alone
Depends my Peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

Cor. So generous this Emp'ror's Love does seem,
'Twould justify a Change, to change for him. [Aside.

Ori. Alas! thou know'st not Men, their Oaths, and
Of feigning Truth, with Treason in their Hearts.
Who now's ador'd, may the next Hour displease,
At first their Cure, and after, their Disease.

[*Flourish of Musick as in the Forest.*

Cor. Oft we have heard such airy Sounds as these
Salute us as we pass.

Enter several of ARCALAUS *Magicians singing and dancing, representing Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Païsans.*

A Shepherd, singing.

Follow ye Nymphs and Shepherds all,
Come celebrate the Festival,
And merrily sing, and sport, and play,
For 'tis ORIANA's *Nuptial Day.*

[A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Then a Shepherdess addressing to ORIANA, sings.

Queen of BRITAIN, *and of Love,*
Be happy as the Blest above;
Graces numberless attend thee,
The Gods as many Blessings send thee: Be

Be happy as the Blest above,
Queen of BRITAIN, *and of Love.*
A rural Dance of *Païsans.* [*Exeunt dancing.*

Ori. Prepost'rous Nuptials! that fill ev'ry Breast
With Joy, but only hers who should be blest.

Cor. Sure some Magician keeps his Revels here;
Princess retire, there may be Danger near.

[*Flourish of soft Musick at a distance.*

Ori. What Danger in such gentle Notes can be?
Thou Friend to Love, thrice pow'rful Harmony,
I'll follow thee, play on——
Musick's the Balm of Love, it charms Despair,
Suspends the Smart, and softens ev'ry Care.

[*Exeunt down the Scene, following the Musick.*

ARCALAUS *enters, with an Attendant, observing them as they walk down into the Forest.*

Arcal. Finish the rest, and then be free as Air:
My Eyes ne'er yet beheld a Form so fair.
Happy beyond my Wish, I go to prove
At once, the Joys of sweet Revenge and Love.

[*Walks down the Scene after them.*

Enter AMADIS *and* FLORESTAN.

Ama. Mistake me not — no — AMADIS shall die.
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her Joy;
Nice Honour still engages to requite
False Mistresses, and Friends, with Slight for Slight:

But

But if, like mine, the ſtubborn Heart retain
A wilful Tenderneſs, the Brave muſt feign,
In private Grief, but with a careleſs Scorn
In publick, ſeem to triumph, not to mourn.

Flor. Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to feign;
When Paſſion is ſincere, it will complain:
Doubts which from Rumour riſe, you ſhould ſuſpend
From evil Tongues what Virtue can defend?
In Love, who injures by a raſh Diſtruſt,
Is the Aggreſſor, and the firſt unjuſt.

Ama. If ſhe is true, why all this Nuptial Noiſe,
Still echoing as we paſs her guilty Joys?
Who to a Woman truſts his Peace of Mind,
Truſts a frail Bark, with a tempeſtuous Wind.
Thus to ULYSSES, on the STYGIAN Coaſt
His Fate enquiring, ſpake ATRIDES' Ghoſt;
Of all the Plagues with which the World is curſt,
Of ev'ry Ill, a Woman is the worſt;
Truſt not a Woman.--Well might he adviſe,
Who periſh'd by his Wife's Adulteries.

Flor. Thus in Deſpair, what moſt we love, we wrong,
Not Heav'n eſcapes the impious Atheiſt's Tongue.

Ama. Enticing Crocodiles, whoſe Tears are Death,
SIRENS, who murder with enchanting Breath:
Like EGYPT's Temples, dazling to the Sight,
Pompouſly deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;

With

With glitt'ring Gold, and ſparkling Gems they ſhine,
But Apes and Monkies are the Gods within.

Flor. My Love attends with Pain, while you purſue
This angry Theme; —I have a Miſtreſs too:
The faultleſs Form no ſecret Stains diſgrace,
A beauteous Mind unblemiſh'd as her Face;
Not painted and adorn'd to varniſh Sin,
Without all Angel, all Divine within;
By Truth maintaining what by Love ſhe got;
A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot.

Ama. [*Embracing him*] Forgive the Viſions of my frantick Brain,
Far from the Man I love be all ſuch Pain:
By the immortal Gods I ſwear, my Friend,
The Fates to me no greater Joy could ſend,
Than that your Labours meet a proſp'rous End.
After ſo many glorious Toils, that you
Have found a Miſtreſs beautiful and true.

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA, *without.*

Ori. and *Cor.* Help, help, oh! Heav'ns help——

Ama.——What cries are theſe?

Flor. It ſeem'd the Call of Beauty in Diſtreſs.
Of ſavage Beaſts and Men, a monſtrous Brood
Poſſeſs this Land——

Ori. and *Cor.*——Help, help——

Ama.——Again the Cry's renew'd.

Draw

Draw both our Swords, and fly with Speed to ſave;
Th' Oppreſt have a ſure Refuge in the Brave.

[*Exeunt, drawing their Swords.*

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA *croſs the Stage, purſued by a Party of* ARCALAUS' *Magicians.*

Ori. and *Cor.* Help, help——

Party. Purſue, purſue——

[FLORESTAN *croſſes the Stage following the Purſuit.*

ARCALAUS *fighting and retreating before* AMADIS.

Arcal. Thou run'ſt upon thy Fate: Mortal forbear,
A more than Mortal rules the Regions here. [prieve,

Ama. Think not my Sword ſhall give the leaſt Re-
'Twere Cruelty to let ſuch Monſters live.

[FLORESTAN *re-enters retreating before another Party, is ſeiz'd, diſarm'd, and carry'd off.*

Arcal. Yet pauſe, and be adviſ'd; avoid thy Fate;
Without thy Life, my Vengeance is compleat:
Behold thy Friend born to eternal Chains,
Remember ARDAN now, and count thy Gains,

Ama. Like ARDAN's be thy Fate, unpity'd fall:
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free them all.

[*Fight,* ARCALAUS *ſtill retreating. A ſudden Sound of Inſtruments expreſſing Terror and Horror, with Thunder at the ſame time. Monſters and Dæmons riſe from under the Stage, while others fly down from*

from above, crossing to and fro in Confusion, during which the Stage is darken'd. On a sudden a Flourish of contrary Musick succeeds; the Sky clears and the whole Scene changes to a Delightful Vale, AMADIS *appearing leaning on his Sword, surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with Songs, Musick and Dances, perform the following Enchantment.*

To be sung in full Chorus.

Love, Creator Love, appear,
Attend and hear;
Appear, appear, appear.

A single Voice.

Love, Creator Love,
Parent of Heav'n and Earth,
Delight of Gods above;
To thee all Nature ows her Birth;
Love, Creator Love.

Another single Voice.

All that in ambient Air does move,
Or teems on fertile Fields below,
Or sparkles in the Skies above,
Or does in rolling Waters flow,
Spring from the Seeds which thou dost sow,
Love, Creator Love.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Better in Love a Slave to be,
Than with the wideſt Empire free.

DANCE.

ODE to DISCORD. A ſingle Voice.

When Love's away then Diſcord reigns,
The Furies he unchains,
Bids ÆOLUS *unbind*
The Northern Wind,
That fetter'd lay in Caves,
And root up Trees, and plough the Plains:
Old Ocean frets and raves,
From their deep Roots the Rocks he tares,
Whole Deluges lets fly,
That daſh againſt the Sky,
And ſeem to drown the Stars;
Th' aſſaulted Clouds return the Shock,
Blue Light'nings ſinge the Waves,
And Thunder rends the Rock.

Then JOVE *uſurps his Father's Crown,*
Inſtructing Mortals to aſpire;
The Father would deſtroy the Son,
The Son dethrones the Sire.
The TITANS, *to regain their Right,*
Prepare to try a ſecond Fight,

BRI-

BRIAREUS *arms his hundred Hands,*
And marches forth the bold GIGANTICK *Bands,*

PELION *upon* OSSA *thrown,*
Steep OLYMPUS *they invade,*
Gods and Giants tumble down,
And MARS *is foil'd by* ENCELADE.

Horror, Confuſion, dreadful Ire,
Daggers, Poiſon, Sword and Fire,
To execute the deſtin'd Wrath conſpire.
The Furies looſe their Snaky Rods,
And laſh both Men and Gods.

Chorus repeat the laſt Stanza.

Then SYMPHONY for LOVE.

A ſingle Voice.

But when Love bids Diſcord ceaſe,
The jaring Seeds unite in Peace;
O the Pleaſures paſt expreſſing!
O the Rapture of Poſſeſſing!
Melting, dying, heav'n'ly Bleſſing,
O the Rapture of Poſſeſſing!
Hail to Love, and welcome Joy!
Hail to the delicious Boy!

In CYPRUS *firſt the God was known;*
Then wand'ring, wand'ring o'er the Main,
He in BRITANNIA *fixt his Reign,*
And in ORIANA's *Eyes his Throne.*

A full Chorus.

Hail to Love, and welcome Joy!
Hail to the delicious Boy!
See the Sun from Love returning,
Love's the Flame in which he's burning.
Hail to Love, the ſofteſt Pleaſure;
Love and Beauty reign for ever.

DANCE.

[Then to be ſung by a Shepherdeſs addreſſing herſelf to AMADIS.

Now Mortal prepare,
For thy Fate is at hand;
Now Mortal prepare,
And ſurrender.
For Love ſhall ariſe,
Whom no Pow'r can withſtand,
Who rules from the Skies
To the Centre.

Now

Now Mortal prepare,
For thy Fate is at hand; ——————
Now Mortal prepare,
And ſurrender.
CHORUS *repeat.*
Now Mortal prepare, &c.

[*During the Chorus,* ORIANA *appears riſing from under the Stage, repos'd upon a Machine repreſenting a Bed of Flowers. The Chorus ended, ſhe riſes, and comes forward.*

Ori. In what enchanted Regions am I loſt?
Am I alive? Or wander here a Ghoſt?
Art thou too dead? ---
[*Starting at the Sight of* AMADIS,
Ama. Where-e'r you are, the Realms of Bliſs muſt be;
I ſee my Goddeſs, and 'tis Heaven to ſee.
[*Throwing away his Sword, is ſeiz'd and bound.*
Stand off, and give me way——
Ori. ——————No, keep him there,
Th' ungrateful Traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the Wretch where SISYPHUS atones
For Crimes enormous, and where TITYUS groans,
With Robbers, and with Murth'rers let him prove
Immortal Pains—— for he has murder'd Love.

Ama. Have I done this? ——

Ori. ——————Baſe and perfidious Man!
Let me be heard, and anſwer if you can.
Was it your Love, when trembling by your Side
I wept, and I implor'd, and almoſt dy'd,
Urging your Stay: Was it your Love that bore
Your faithleſs Veſſel from the BRITISH Shore?
What ſaid I not, upon the fatal Night,
When you avow'd your meditated Flight?
Was it your Love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my Heart?
See whom you fled, Inhuman and Ingrate,
Repent your Folly --- but repent too late.

Ama. Miſtaken Princeſs; by the Stars above,
The Pow'rs below, and by immortal JOVE!
Unwilling and compell'd ---

Ori. Unwilling and compell'd! vain, vain Pretence,
For baſe Neglect, and cold Indifference.
Was it your Love, when by thoſe Stars above,
Thoſe Powr's below, and that immortal JOVE,
You vow'd, before the firſt revolving Moon,
You would return? — Did you return? — The Sun
Thrice round the circled Globe was ſeen to move,
You neither came, nor ſent --- was this your Love?

Ama. Thrice has that Sun beheld me on your Coaſt,
By Tempeſts beaten, and in Shipwrecks loſt.

Ori.

Ori. And yet you choſe thoſe Perils of the Sea,
Of Rocks, and Storms — or any thing — but Me.
The raging Ocean, and the Winter Wind,
Touch'd at my Paſſion, with my wiſhes join'd,
No Image, but of certain Fate, appear'd,
Leſs I your Abſence, than your Danger, fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I ſued in vain,
More deaf than Storms, more cruel than the Main;
No Pray'r, nor gentle Meſſage could prevail
To wait a calmer Sky, or ſofter Gale;
You brav'd the Danger, and deſpis'd the Love,
Nor Death could terrify, nor Paſſion move.

Ama. Of our paſt Lives, the Pleaſure, and the Pain,
Fixt in my Soul, for ever ſhall remain;
Recall more gently my unhappy State,
And charge my Crime, not on my Choice, but Fate:
In mortal Breaſt, ſure, Honour never wag'd
So dire a War, nor Love more fiercely rag'd:
You ſaw my Torment, and you knew my Heart,
'Twas infamy to ſtay, 'twas Death to part.

Ori. In vain you'd cover, with the Thirſt of Fame,
And Honours Call, an odious Traitor's Name:
Could Honour ſuch vile Perfidy approve?
Is it no Honour to be true to Love?
O VENUS! Parent of the TROJAN Race,
In BRITAIN too, ſome Remnants found a Place;

From BRUTE deſcending in a Line direct,
Within theſe Veins thy fav'rite Blood reſpect;
Mother of Love, by Men and Gods rever'd,
Confirm theſe Vows, and let this Pray'r be heard.
The BRITON to the GAUL henceforth ſhall bear
Immortal Hatred, and eternal War;
Nor League, nor Commerce, let the Nations know,
But Seeds of everlaſting Diſcord grow;
With Fire and Sword the faithleſs Race purſue,
This Vengeance to my injur'd Love is due:
Riſe from our Aſhes ſome avenging Hand,
To curb their Tyrants, and invade their Land;
Waves fight with Waves, and Shores with Shores engage,
And let our Sons inherit the ſame Rage.

Ama. Might I be heard one Word in my Defence ---

Ori. No, not a Word. What ſpecious forc'd Pretence
Would you invent, to gild a weak Defence?
To falſe ÆNEAS, when 'twas giv'n by Fate
To tread the Paths of Death, and view the Stygian State.
Forſaken DIDO was the firſt that ſtood
To ſtrike his Eye, her Boſom bath'd in Blood
Freſh from her Wound: Pale Horror and Affright
Seiz'd the falſe Man, confounded at the Sight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and ſome faint Words he ſpoke,
Some Tears he ſhed, which, with diſdainful Look,

Un-

Unmov'd she heard, and saw, nor heeded more
Than the firm Rock, when faithless Tempests roar,
With one last Look, his Falseness she upbraids,
Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal Shades.
Lead me, O lead me where the bleeding Queen,
With just Reproaches loads perfidious Men,
Banish'd from Joy, from Empire, and from Light,
In Death involve me, and in endless Night,
But keep --- that odious Object --- from my Sight. [*Exit.*

Enter ARCALAUS.

Arcal. With her last Words, she sign'd his dying Breath,
Convey him straight to Tortures, and to Death.

Ama. Let me not perish with a Traitors Name.
Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am;
Loose this right Hand -----

Arcal. Hence to his Fate the valiant Boaster bear.
[*Sinks under the Stage with him.*
For him, let our infernal Priests prepare
Their Knives, their Cords, and Altars --- but for her
Soft Beds, and flow'ry Banks, and fragrant Bow'rs,
Musick, and Songs, and all those melting Pow'rs
With which Love steals on Hearts, and tunes the Mind
To tenderness and Yielding -----
Superior Charms, enchant us to be kind. [*Exit.*

The Act concludes with Dancing.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARCALAUS, *and* ARCABON, *meeting.*

ARCALAUS.

WELCOME as after Darkneſs chearful Light,
Or to the weary wand'rer downy Night:
Smile, ſmile my ARCABON, for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt Looks reward my Toil,
That ſullen Air but ill becomes thee now,
See'ſt thou not glorious Conqueſt on my Brow?
AMADIS, AMADIS ——

Arcab. Dead, or in Chains? Be quick in thy Reply.

Arcal. He lives, my ARCABON, but lives to die.
The gnawing Vulture, and the reſtleſs Wheel,
Shall be Delight, to what the Wretch ſhall feel.

Arcab. Goddeſs of dire Revenge, ERINNYS, riſe,
With Pleaſure grace thy Lips, with Joy thy Eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and ſtrip the Rocks
Of Pearls and Gems, to deck thy jetty Locks;
With chearful Tunes diſguiſe thy hollow Throat,
And emulate the Lark and Linnet's Note;

Let Envy's Self rejoice, Deſpair be gay,
For Rage and Murder ſhall triumph To-day.

Arcal. Ariſe, O ARDAN, from the hollow Womb
Of Earth, ariſe, burſt from thy brazen Tomb,
Bear witneſs to the Vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and reſt for ever void of Care.

Arcab. PLUTO, ariſe, infernal King, releaſe
Thy tortur'd Slaves, and let the Damn'd have Peace,
But double all their Pains on AMADIS.

Arcal. Mourn all ye Heav'ns, above yon azure Plain
Let Grief abound, and Lamentation reign;
The Thunderer with Tears bedew his Sky,
For AMADIS, his Champion's doom'd to die.

Arcab. Death be my Care; for to compleat his Woe,
The Slave ſhall periſh by a Woman's Blow;
Thus each by turns ſhall his dire Vow fulfil,
'Twas thine to vanquiſh, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arcal. So look'd MEDEA, when her Rival Bride,
Upon her nuptial Day, conſuming dy'd:
O never more let Love diſguiſe a Face
By Rage adorn'd with ſuch triumphant Grace.

Arcab. In ſweet Revenge inferior Joys are loſt,
And Love lies ſhipwreck'd on the ſtormy Coaſt;
Rage rules all other Paſſions in my Breaſt,
And ſwelling like a Torrent, drowns the reſt.

Should this curſt Wretch, whom moſt my Soul abhors,
Prove the dear Man whom moſt my Soul adores,
Love ſhould in vain defend him with his Dart,
Thro' all his Charms I'd ſtab him to the Heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CELIUS, CONSTANTIUS, LUCIUS *a* Roman, *and a numerous Attendance of* Britons.

King. From Contracts ſign'd, and Articles agreed,
With BRITISH Faith it ſuits not to recede:
How may the World interpret ſuch Neglect,
And on her Beauty, or her Fame, reflect?
ROMAN, conſider well what courſe you run,
Reſolve to be my Pris'ner, or my Son.
If this ſounds rude, then know, we BRITONS ſlight
Thoſe ſupple Arts which Foreigners delight,
Nor ſtand on Forms to vindicate our Right.
[*Exit King and Attendants.*

Luc. Happy Extremity! now, Prince, be bleſt,
Of all you love, and all you wiſh poſſeſt;
No Cenſure you incur, conſtrain'd to chooſe,
Poſſeſt at once of Pleaſure, and Excuſe.

Conſt.

Conſt. If for my ſelf alone I would poſſeſs,
'Twere ſenſual Joy, and brutal Happineſs.
When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The Particle ſublime of Bliſs, is plac'd
In Raptures that we feel the raviſh'd Charmer taſte.
ORIANA, no ---- tho' certain Death it be,
I'll keep my Word ---- I'll die, or ſet thee free.
Haſte, LUCIUS, haſte, ſound loud our Trumpets, call
Our Guard to Arms, tho' few, they're ROMANS all.
Now tremble, ſavage King, a ROMAN Hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a Sword command.

As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, *attended as before.*

King. Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found;
Diſperſe out Parties, ſearch our Kingdoms round;
Follow CONSTANTIUS, ſeize him, torture, kill;
Traitor! what Vengeance I can have, I will.
Well have thy Gods, O ROME! ſecur'd thy Peace,
Planted behind ſo many Lands and Seas,
Or thou ſhould'ſt feel me, City, in thy Fall,
More dreadful than the SAMNITE, or the GAUL.
But to ſupply and recompenſe this Want,
Hear, O ye Guardians of our Iſle, and grant

That

That Wrath may riſe, and Striſe immortal come
Betwixt the Gods of BRITAIN, and of ROME.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Tombs and Dungeons, Men and Women chain'd in rows, oppoſite to one another. In the Front of the Captives, FLORESTAN *and* CORESANDA. *A magnificent Monument erected to the Memory of* ARDAN, *with this Inſcription in large Letters of Gold:*

REVENGE IS VOW'D, REST QUIET, GENTLE (SHADE,
THE LIVING SHALL BE RESTLESS TILL 'TIS (HAD.

A Guard of Dæmons. Plaintive Muſick.

To be ſung by a Captive King.

Look down, ye Pow'rs, look down,
And caſt a pitying Eye
Upon a Monarch's Miſery.
Look down, look down.
Avenge, avenge, avenge
Affronted Majeſty.

I who but now on Thrones of Gold,
Gave Laws to Kingdoms uncontroul'd,
To Empire born,
From Empire torn,
A wretched Slave,
A wretched Slave,
Am now of Slaves the Scorn.
Alas! the Smiles of Fortune prove
As variable as Womens Love.

By a Captive Lover.

The happieſt Mortals once were we,
I lov'd MIRA, MIRA *me;*
Each deſirous of the Bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd MIRA, MIRA *me,*
The happieſt Mortals once were we.

But ſince cruel Fates diſſever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all Pains, the greateſt Pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

By a Captive Libertine.

Plague us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves, and ſenſeleſs Glories;

What

What are Lovers, what are Kings?
What at beſt but ſlaviſh things.

Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud Beauty durſt invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd, as Nature made me.

Each by turns, as Senſe inſpir'd me,
BACCHUS, CERES, VENUS, *fir'd me;*
I alone have loſt true Pleaſure;
Freedom is the only Treaſure.

Chorus of Dæmons.

Ceaſe, ye Slaves, your fruitleſs Grieving,
No, no,
The Powers below
No Pity know;
Ceaſe, ye Slaves, your fruitleſs Grieving.

A Dance of Dæmons inſulting the Priſoners.

Flor. to *Cor.* To taſte of Pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the Brave contend, the Wiſe contrive,
In vain againſt their Stars the deſtin'd ſtrive.

Cor.

Cor. So to th' appointed Grove the feather'd Pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the Snare,
Purſuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught,
In the ſame Cage in mournful Notes complain
Of the ſame Fate, and curſe perfidious Man.

A Captive. O Heav'ns take pity of our Pains,
Death is a milder Fate than Chains.

[*A Flouriſh of Inſtruments of Horror.* ARCABON *deſcends in a Chariot drawn thro' the Air by Dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, arm'd with a Dagger in her Hand.*

Arcab. Your Vows have reach'd the Gods, your Chains and Breath
Have the ſame Date----
Prepare for Freedom, for I bring you Death.
He who ſo oft has 'ſcap'd th' Aſſaults of Hell,
Whom yet no Charms could bind, no Force could quell,
By whom ſo many bold Enchanters fell,
AMADIS, AMADIS, this joyful Day,
Your Guardian Deity's himſelf our Prey.
From all their Dungeons let our Captives come,
Idle Spectators of their Hero's Doom.

[*Flouriſh*

[*Flouriſh of loud Inſtruments of divers ſorts. Other Dungeons open, and diſcover more Captives.* AMADIS *chain'd to an Altar, infernal Prieſts on each ſide of him with Knives up-lifted ready for the Sacrifice.*

[ARCABON *advancing haſtily to ſtab him, ſtarts and ſtops.*

Arcab. Thou dy'ſt---What ſtrange and what reſiſtleſs
With ſecret Force, arreſts my lifted Arm? [Charm,
What art thou, who with more than magick Art,
Doſt make my Hand unfaithful to my Heart?

Ama. One, who diſdaining Mercy, ſues to die;
I ask not Life, for Life were Cruelty.
Of all the Wretched, ſearch the World around,
A more unhappy never can be found;
Let looſe thy Rage, like an avenging God,
Fain wou'd my Soul encumber'd, caſt her Load.

Arcab. [*Aſide.*] In ev'ry Line and Feature of that Face,
The dear Enchanter of my Soul I trace:
My Brother! had my Father too been ſlain,
The Blood of my whole Race ſhould plead in vain.
The Ties of Nature do but weakly move,
The ſtrongeſt Tie of Nature, is in Love.

Ama.

Ama. O FLORESTAN! I ſee thoſe Chains with Shame,
Which I could not prevent ---- O Stain to Fame!
O Honour loſt for ever! THESEUS fell,
But HERCULES remain'd unconquer'd ſtill,
And freed his Friend---What Man cou'd do--- I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd Friend! with better Grace we ſtood
In Arms repelling Death, wading in Blood
To Victories; the manly Limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble Load
Of pond'rous Mail, theſe ſhameful Bonds diſdains,
And ſinks beneath th'inglorious Weight of Chains.

Flor. Where ſhall the Brave and Good for Refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?

Arcab. He ſpoke --- and ev'ry Accent to my Heart
Gave a freſh Wound, and was another Dart:
He weeps! but red'ning at the Tears that fall,
Is it for theſe? Be quick, and free them all.
Let ev'ry Captive be releas'd from Chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence ev'ry Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,
Mix with the Seas and Winds, breed Tempeſts there:
Strike all your Strings, to joyful Meaſures move,
And ev'ry Voice ſound Liberty and Love.

[*Flouriſh of all the Muſick; the Chains at once fall off*

off from all the Captives, ARCABON *frees* AMADIS *herself.*

Chorus of all the Captives.

Liberty! Liberty!

A single Voice,

Arm, arm, the gen'rous BRITONS *cry,*
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets sounding, Banners flying,
Braving Tyrants, Chains defying,
Arm, arm, the generous BRITONS *cry,*
Let us live free, or let us die;
Liberty! Liberty!

Chorus repeat.

Liberty! Liberty!

Another single Voice.

Happy Isle, all Joys possessing,
Clime resembling Heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy Blessing,
Land of Liberty and Love!
When thy Nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set themselves and Lovers free,
In the Blessing of Obtaining,
Ah! how sweet is Liberty!

Dance of Captives, expressing Joy for Liberty.

ARCA-

[ARCABON *having freed* AMADIS, *they come forward together; the reſt ſtanding in Rows on each ſide of the Theatre, bowing as they advance.*

[Pauſe.

Arcab. When Rage, like mine, makes ſuch a ſudden
Methinks 'twere eaſy to divine the Cauſe:
The dulleſt Warrior, in a Lady's Face,
The ſecret Meaning of a Bluſh may trace,
When ſhort-breath'd Sighs, and catching Glances, ſent
From dying Eyes, reveal the kind Intent.
Let Glory ſhare, but not poſſeſs you whole,
Love is the darling Tranſport of the Soul.

Ama. The Lords of Fate, who all our Lots decree,
Have deſtin'd Fame, no other Chance for me;
My ſullen Stars in that rough Circle move;
The Happy only are reſerv'd for Love. [force,

Arcab. The Stars which you reproach, my Art can
I can direct them to a kinder Courſe:
Truſt to my Charms, the preſent Time improve,
Select and precious are the Hours of Love.
Unguarded ſee the Virgin Treaſure ſtand,
Glad of the Theft, to court the Robber's Hand;
Honour, his wonted Watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly, Soldier, while the Dragon ſleeps.

Ama.

Ama. Enchanting are your Looks, leſs Magick lies
In your Myſterious Art, than in your Eyes;
Such melting Language claims a ſoft Return,
Pity the hopeleſs Flames in which I burn;
Faſt bound already, and not free to chooſe,
I prize the Bleſſing fated to refuſe.

Arcab. [*Aſide.*] Thoſe formal Lovers be for ever curſt,
Who fetter'd freeborn Love with Honour firſt,
Who thro' fantaſtick Laws are Virtue's Fools,
And againſt Nature will be Slaves to Rules.
[*To him.*] Your captive Friends have Freedom from this Hour,
Rejoice for them, but for thy ſelf much more:
Sublimer Bleſſings are reſerv'd for thee,
Whom Love invites to be poſſeſs'd of me.
The ſhipreck'd GREEKS caſt on ÆÆA's Shore,
With trembling Steps the dubious Coaſt explore,
Who firſt arrive, in vain for Pity plead,
Transform'd to Beaſts, a vile and monſtrous Breed;
But when ULYSSES with ſuperiour Mien
Approach'd the Throne where ſat th'Enchantreſs Queen,
Pleas'd with a Preſence that invades her Charms,
She takes the bold Advent'rer in her Arms,
Up to her Bed ſhe leads the Conqu'ror on,
Where he enjoys the Daughter of the Sun.

[*She*

[*She leads* AMADIS *out.* FLORESTAN *and* CORISANDA, *and the releaſed Captives only remain.* FLORESTAN *and* CORISANDA *run into each other's Arms.*

Flor. In this enchanting Circle let me be,
For ever and for ever bound with thee.
Cor. Soul of my Soul, and Charmer of my Heart,
From theſe Embraces let us never part.
Flor. Never, O never --- in ſome ſafe Retreat,
Far from the Noiſe and Tumults of the Great,
Secure and happy on each other's Breaſt,
Within each other's Arms we'll ever reſt;
Thoſe Eyes ſhall make my Days ſerene and bright,
Theſe Arms, thus circling round me, bleſs the Night.
[*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Cor.

[*The remaining Captives expreſs their Joy for Liberty by Singing and Dancing.*

Chorus of all the Captives together.

To Fortune give immortal Praiſe,
Fortune depoſes, and can raiſe;

Fortune

Fortune the Captives Chains does break,
And brings deſpairing Exiles back;
However low this Hour we fall,
One lucky Moment may mend all.

The Act concludes with variety of Dances.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ARCABON *and* ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS ——

OF Women Tyrants 'tis the common Doom,
Each haughtily ſets out in Beauty's Bloom,
Till late repenting, to redeem the paſt,
You turn abandon'd Proſtitutes at laſt.

Arcab. Who Hate declares, is ſure of Hate again;
Rage begets Rage, Diſdain provokes Diſdain:
Why, why, alas! ſhould Love leſs mutual prove?
Why is not Love return'd with equal Love?

Arcal. Bleſſings when cheap, or certain, we deſpiſe;
From ſure Poſſeſſion what Deſire can riſe?
Love, like Ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By Doubt provok'd, by Certainty deſtroy'd.

Arcab. To govern Love, alas! what Woman can?
Yet 'tis an eaſy Province for a Man.
Why am I then of Hope abandon'd quite?
There is a Cure---- I'd ask it---- if I might.
Forgive me, Brother, if I pry too far,
I've learnt my Rival is your Priſ'ner here;

If

If that be true----

Arcal. -----What thence would you infer? [*Surlily.*

Arcab. What but her Death ---When AMADIS is free;
From Hopes of her ---there may be Hope for me.

Arcal. Thou Cloud to his bright JUNO --- Fool--- ſhall he
Who has lov'd her, ever deſcend to thee?

Arcab. Much vainer Fool art thou —— where are thoſe Charms
That are to tempt a Princeſs to thy Arms?
Thou VULCAN to ORIANA's MARS. ——

Arcal. —————— But yet
This VULCAN has that MARS within his Net,
Your Counſel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the Woman ſure, the Man ſhall bleed.
[*Exit ſurlily.*

Arcab. Firſt periſh thou; Earth, Air, and Seas, and Sky,
Confounded in one Heap of Chaos lie,
And ev'ry other living Creature die.
I burn, I burn; the Storm that's in my Mind
Kindles my Heart, like Fires provok'd by Wind:
Love and Reſentment, Wiſhes and Diſdain,
Blow all at once, like Winds that plough the Main.
Furies! ALECTO! aid my juſt Deſign:
But if, averſe to Mercy, you decline
The pious Taſk, aſſiſt me, Pow'rs divine;

Juſt

Juſt Gods, and thou their King, imperial JOVE,
Strike whom you pleaſe, but ſave the Man I love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

[*The Scene changes to the Repreſentation of a fine Garden;* ORIANA *ſitting penſively in a pleaſant Bower towards the lower end of the Scene. Soft Muſick playing.* ARCALAUS *enters, addreſſing himſelf reſpectfully to her, ſhe riſes; they advance ſlowly towards the Front of the Stage, ſeeming in mute Diſcourſe, till the Muſick ceaſes.*

ARCALAUS *and* ORIANA.

Arcal. Of Freedom loſt, unjuſtly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come you reign;
No Fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a Priſon, but an Empire find.

Ori. Death I expect, and I deſire it too,
'Tis all the Mercy to be wiſh'd from you.
To die, is to be free: Oh let me find
A ſpeedy Death ---- that Freedom would be kind.

Arcal. Too cruel to ſuſpect ſuch Uſage meant,
Here is no Death, but what your Eyes preſent:

O may they reign, thoſe Arbiters of Fate,
Immortal, as the Loves which they create.
We know the Cauſe of this prepoſt'rous Grief,
And we ſhould pity, were there no Relief:
One Lover loſt, have you not Millions more?
Can you complain of Want, whom all adore?
All Hearts are yours; ev'n mine, that fierce and free
Ranging at large, diſdain'd Captivity,
Caught by your Charms, the Savage trembling lies,
And proſtrate in his Chain, for Mercy dies.

Ori. Reſpect is limited to Pow'r alone,
Beauty diſtreſs'd, like Kings from Empire thrown,
Each Inſolent invades ----
How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched Princeſs! now,
When ev'ry Slave that loves, dares tell thee ſo?

Arcal. If I do love, the Fault is in your Eyes,
Blame them who wound, and not your Slave who dies:
If we may love, then ſure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you ſo fair?
Who can unmov'd behold that heav'nly Face,
Thoſe radiant Eyes, and that reſiſtleſs Grace?

Ori. Pluck out theſe Eyes, revenge thee on my Face,
Tear off my Cheeks, and root up ev'ry Grace,
Diſfigure, kill me, kill me inſtantly,
Thus may'ſt thou free thy ſelf at once, and me.

Arcal. Such ſtrange Commands 'twere impious to
I wou'd revenge my ſelf a gentler way. [obey,

[*Offering to take her Hand ſhe ſnatches it away diſdainfully.*

Ori. Some Whirlwind bear me from this odious Place,
Earth open wide, and bury my Diſgrace;
Save me, ye Pow'rs, from Violence and Shame,
Aſſiſt my Virtue, and protect my Fame. [courſe,

Arcal. [*Aſide.*] Love, with Submiſſion, firſt begins in
But when that fails, a ſure Reſerve is Force:
The niceſt Dames who our Embraces ſhun,
Wait only a Pretence --- and Force is one:
She who thro' Frailty yields, Diſhonour gains,
But ſhe that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
Debtors and Slaves for Favours they beſtow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
No Ties of Love or Gratitude conſtrain,
But as we like, we leave ---- or come again.
It ſhall be ſo. ----
[*To her.*] Since ſofter Arguments have prov'd ſo vain,
Force is the laſt, reſiſt it if you can.

[*He ſeizes her, ſhe breaks from him.*

Ori. Help --- help --- ye Gods!

Arcal. Who with ſuch Courage can reſiſt Deſire,
With what a Rage ſhe'll love when Raptures fire!

Behold in Chains your vanquiſh'd Minion lies,
And if for nothing but this Scorn, he dies.

[AMADIS *diſcover'd in Chains.* ARCALAUS *advancing to ſtab him,* ARCABON *enters in the Inſtant and offers to ſtab* ORIANA.

Arcab. Strike boldly, Murd'rer, ſtrike him to the Ground.
While thus my Dagger anſwers ev'ry Wound.
By what new Magick is thy Vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy Hand before a Man unarm'd?

Ori. Strike, my Deliv'rer, 'tis a friendly Stroke,
I ſhun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the Wretched is an end of Care,
But yet, methinks, he might that Victim ſpare.
[*Pointing to* AMADIS.

Ama. Burſt, burſt theſe Chains, juſt Gods can you look down,
On ſuch Diſtreſs, like idle Lookers on?
My Soul, till now, no Dangers could affright,
But trembles like a Coward's, at this Sight.

Arcab. So paſſionate! but I'll revenge it here ---

Arcal. Hold, Fury -- or I ſtrike as home --- forbear. ---

[ARCA-

[ARCABON *offering to ſtab* ORIANA, ARCALAUS *does the ſame to* AMADIS; *both withold their Blow.*

[*Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and warlike Inſtruments of all kinds, reſound from all parts of the Theatre.* URGANDA *enters haſtily with a numerous Train.* ARCALAUS *and* ARCABON *ſurpriz'd, retire to the oppoſite ſide of the Stage.*

Urg. To Arms, to Arms, ye Spirits of the Air,
Ye Guardians of the Brave, and of the Fair,
Leave your bright Manſions, and in Arms appear.

[*Warlike Muſick ſounds a Charge; Spirits deſcend in Clouds; ſome continue in the Air playing upon Inſtruments of War, others remain ranged in Order of Battle; others deſcend upon the Stage, ranging themſelves by* AMADIS, *whom* URGANDA *frees, giving him a Sword.* ORIANA *likewiſe is freed.*

Arcab. Fly quick, ye Dæmons, from your black [Abodes,
And try another Combat with the Gods;
Blue Fires, and peſtilential Fumes ariſe,
And flaming Fountains ſpout againſt the Skies;
From their broad Roots theſe Oaks and Cedars tear,
Burn like my Love, and rage like my Deſpair.

[*Trumpets ſound on* ARCABON's *ſide, which are anſwer'd on* URGANDA's. *The Grove appears in an Inſtant all in a Flame; Fountains from below caſt up Fire as in Spouts; a Rain of Fire from above; the Sky darkned; Dæmons range themſelves on the Stage by* ARCALAUS *and* ARCABON; *other Dæmons face* URGANDA; *Spirits in the Air; martial Inſtruments ſounding from all parts of the Theatre;* ARCALAUS *advances before his Party, with his Sword drawn, to* AMADIS.

Arcal. Let Heaven and Hell ſtand neuter, while we
On equal Terms, which of us two ſhall die. [try,

[ARCALAUS *and* AMADIS *engage at the Head of their Parties; a Fight at the ſame time in the Air, and upon the Stage; all ſorts of loud Inſtruments ſounding;* ARCALAUS *falls; the Dæmons, ſome fly away thro' the Air, others ſink under Ground, with horrible Cries.*

Urg. Sound Tunes of Triumph, all ye Winds, and bear
Your Notes aloft, that Heav'n and Earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun! ſhine out ſerene and gay,
And bright, as when the Giants loſt the Day.

[*Tunes*

[*Tunes of Triumph, the Sky clears, the Grove returns to its firſt Proſpect. A large Ball of Fire repreſenting the Figure of the Sun deſcends gradually to the Stage*; AMADIS *approaching* ORIANA *reſpectfully*; ARCABON *ſtands ſullen and obſerving.*

Ama. to *Ori.* While AMADIS ORIANA's Love poſſeſt,
Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breaſt,
Not JOVE, the King of Gods, like AMADIS was bleſt.

Ori. While to ORIANA AMADIS was true,
Nor wand'ring Flames to diſtant Climates drew,
No Heav'n, but only Love, the pleas'd ORIANA knew.

Ama. That Heav'n of Love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving thoſe Pow'rs by whom ſhe falſely ſwore;
She to CONSTANTIUS would thoſe Charms reſign,
If Oaths could bind, that ſhou'd be only mine.

Ori. With a feign'd Falſhood you'd evade your Part
Of Guilt, and tax a tender faithful Heart:
While by ſuch Ways you'd hide a conſcious Flame,
The only Virtue you have left, is Shame.

[*Turning diſdainfully from him.*

Ama. [*Approaching tenderly.*]
But ſhou'd this injur'd Vaſſal you ſuſpect
Prove true —— Ah! what Return might he expect?

Ori. [*Returning to him with an Air of Tenderneſs.*]
Tho' brave CONSTANTIUS charms with ev'ry Art,
That can entice a tender Virgin's Heart,
Whether he ſhines for Glory, or Delight,
To tempt Ambition, or enchant the Sight,
Were AMADIS reſtor'd to my Eſteem,
I would reject a Deity --- for him.

Ama. Tho' falſe as wat'ry Bubbles blown by Wind,
Fixt in my Soul, and rooted in my Mind,
I love ORIANA, faithleſs and unkind.
O were ſhe kind, and faithful, as ſhe's fair!
For her alone I'd live ——— and die for her.

Urg. Adjourn theſe Murmurs of returning Love,
And from this Scene of Rage and Fate remove.
[*To* ARCABON.]
Thy Empire, ARCABON, concludes this Hour,
Short is the Date of all flagitious Pow'r:
Spar'd be thy Life, that thou may'ſt living bear
The Torments of the damn'd in thy Deſpair.
[*To* ORIANA *and* AMADIS.]
Where Zephyrs only breathe in Myrtle Groves,
There will I lead you to debate your Loves.

[*The Machine repreſenting the Figure of the Sun opens and appears to be a Chariot refulgent with Rays, magnificently gilt and adorn'd, with convenient Seats,*

to

to which URGANDA *conducts* ORIANA; AMADIS *following,* ARCABON *ſtops him by the Robe.*

Arcab. What, not one Look! not one diſſembling Smile,
To thank me for your Life? or to beguile
Deſpair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my Sight for ever, and my Heart.
[*Letting go her hold with an air of Contempt.*
Back, Soldier, to the Camp, thy proper Sphere,
Stick to thy Trade, dull Hero, follow War;
Uſeleſs to Women —— thou mere Image, meant
To raiſe Deſire —— and then to diſappoint.

[AMADIS *takes his Place in* URGANDA'S *Chariot, which riſes gradually in the Air, not quite diſappearing till the cloſe of* ARCABON'S *Speech.*

So ready to be gone —— Barbarian, ſtay.
He's gone, and Love returns, and Pride gives way.
O ſtay, come back —— Horror and Hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die! —— Return, return,
Eternal Racks my tortur'd Boſom tear,
Vultures with endleſs Pangs are gnawing there,
Fury! Diſtraction —— I am all Deſpair.

Burning with Love, may'ſt thou ne'er aim at Bliſs,
But Thunder ſhake thy Limbs, and Light'ning blaſt thy [Kiſs,
While pale, aghaſt, a Spectre I ſtand by,
Pleas'd at the Terrors that diſtract thy Joy?
Plague of my Life! thy Impotence ſhall be
A Curſe to her, worſe than thy Scorn to me.
[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Firſt VOICE.

The Battle's done,
Our Wars are over,
The Battle's done,
Let Laurels crown
Whom rugged Steel did cover.

Second VOICE.

Let Myrtles too
Bring Peace for ever,
Let Myrtles too
Adorn the Brow,
That bent beneath the warlike Beaver.

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments.

Let Trumpets and Tymbals,
Let Atabals and Cymbals,
Let Drums and Hautboys give over;

But

But let Flutes,
And let Lutes,
Our Paſſions excite
To gentler Delight,
And every MARS *be a Lover.*

DANCES, with which the Act concludes.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE URGANDA's Enchanted Palace.

The Scenes are adorn'd and diverſify'd with the ſeveral Repreſentations of the Adventures and Exploits of Heroes and Heroines: A large Piece facing the Front, repreſenting their Apotheoſis, *or Reception among the Gods.*

AMADIS *and* ORIANA.

ORIANA.

IN my Eſteem he well deſerves a Part,
He ſhares my Praiſe, but you have all my Heart:
When equal Virtues in the Scales are try'd,
And Juſtice againſt neither can decide;
When Judgment, [illegible]s perplex'd, ſuſpends the Choice,
Fancy muſt ſpeak, and give the caſting Voice:
Much to his Love, much to his Merit's due,
But pow'rful Inclination was for you.

Ama. Thou haſt no Equal, a ſuperior Ray
Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day.
Should Fame ſollicit me with all her Charms,
Not blooming Laurels nor victorious Arms

Shou'd

Shou'd purchaſe but a Grain of the Delight,
A Moment from the Raptures of this Night.

Ori. Wrong not my Virtue, to ſuppoſe that I
Can grant to Love, what Duty muſt deny;
A Father's Will is wanting, and my Breaſt
Is rul'd by Glory, tho' by Love poſſeſt:
Rather than be another's, I wou'd die;
Nor can be yours, till Duty ſhall comply. [engage,

Ama. Hard Rules, which thus the nobleſt Loves
To wait the peeviſh Humours of old Age!
Think not the Lawfulneſs of Love conſiſts
In Parents Wills, or in the Forms of Prieſts;
Such are but licens'd Rapes, which Vengeance draw
From Heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human Law.
Marriage the happy'ſt Bond of Love might be,
If Hands were only join'd, when Hearts agree.

Enter URGANDA, CORISANDA, FLORESTAN, *and Attendants to* URGANDA.

Urg. Here faithful Lovers to ſure Joys remove,
The ſoft Retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy Hours
Of mighty Kings, and famous Conquerours:
Here, gallant Prince, let all your Labours end;
Before, I gave a Miſtreſs; now, a Friend;
The greateſt Bleſſings which the Gods can ſend.

[*Preſenting*

[*Preſenting* FLORESTAN.

Ama. O FLORESTAN! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my Joys compleat;
The Sight of thee does ſuch vaſt Tranſports breed,
As ſcarce the Ecſtaſies of Love exceed.

Flor. If beyond Love or Glory is a Taſte
Of Pleaſure, it is ſure in Friendſhip plac'd.

Ori. My CORISANDA too; [*Embracing her.*
Not FLORESTAN cou'd fly with greater haſte
To take thee in his Arms --- O welcome to my Breaſt,
As to thy Lovers ——

Cor. ——— O Joy compleat!
Bleſt Day!
Wherein ſo many Friends and Lovers meet.

Flor. The Storm blown over, ſo the wanton Doves
Shake from their Plumes the Rain, and ſeek the Groves,
Pair their glad Mates, and cooe eternal Loves.

Ama. O FLORESTAN! bleſt as thou doſt deſerve,
To thee the Fates are kind, without Reſerve.
My Joys are not ſo full, tho' Love would yield,
Fierce Honour ſtands his ground, and keeps the Field;
Nature within ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his Guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature! frail, and faulty in thy Frame,
Fomenting Wiſhes, Honour muſt condemn;

Or O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Deſire is kind.
Enter ARCABON *conducting* CONSTANTIUS, *her Garments looſe, and Hair diſhevel'd, ſeeming frantick.* CONSTANTIUS *in deep Mourning.*
Arcab. This, ROMAN, is the Place: 'Tis Magick Ground,
Hid by Enchantment, by Enchantment found.
Behold them at our view diſſolve in Fear,
Two Armies, are two Lovers in Deſpair;
Proceed, be bold, and ſcorning to entreat,
Think all her Strugglings feign'd, her Cries Deceit;
Kill him, and raviſh her --- for ſo wou'd I,
Were I a Man --- or rather let both die.
The Rape may pleaſe ——
Each was diſdain'd; to equal Rage reſign
Thy Heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis ſweet to love, but when with Scorn we meet,
Revenge ſupplies the Loſs with Joys as great.
[*A Chariot deſcends ſwiftly, into which ſhe enters at the following Lines.*
Up to th' Etherial Heav'ns where Gods reſide,
Lo! thus I fly, to thunder on thy ſide.
[*A Clap of Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vaniſhes with her.*
Conſt. Fly where thou wilt, but not to bleſt Abodes,
For ſure, where-e'er thou art, there are no Gods.

[*Addreſ-*

[*Addreſſing himſelf to* ORIANA.

I come not here an Object to affright,
Or to moleſt, but add to your Delight.
Behold a Prince expiring in your View,
Whoſe Life's a Burthen to himſelf, and you.
Fate and the King all other Means deny
To ſet you free, but that CONSTANTIUS die.
A ROMAN Arm had play'd a ROMAN Part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking Heart;
I thank ye, Gods, nor think my Doom ſevere,
Reſigning Life, on any Terms, for her.

Urg. What cruel Deſtiny on Beauty waits,
When on one Face depends ſo many Fates?

Conſt. Make room, ye *Decii*, whoſe devoted Breath
Secur'd your Country's Happineſs by Death;
I come a Sacrifice no leſs renown'd,
The Cauſe as glorious, and as ſure the Wound.
O Love! with all thy Sweets let her be bleſt,
Thy Reign be gentle in that beauteous Breaſt.
Tho' thy malignant Beams, with deadly Force,
Have ſcorch'd my Joys, and in their baneful Courſe
Wither'd each Plant, and dry'd up ev'ry Source;
Ah! to ORIANA ſhine leſs fatal bright,
Cheriſh her Heart, and nouriſh her Delight,
Reſtrain each cruel Influence that deſtroys,
Bleſs all her Days, and ripen all her Joys.

[ORI-

[ORIANA *weeps, and ſhews Concern*; AMADIS *addreſſing himſelf to* CONSTANTIUS.

Ama. Were Fortune us'd to ſmile upon Deſert,
Love had been yours, to die had been my Part:
Thus Fate divides the Prize; tho' Beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other Miſtreſs, is more thine.

[CONST. *looking ſternly upon him.*

Diſdain not, gallant Prince, a Rival's Praiſe,
Whom your high Worth thus humbles to confeſs
In every thing but Love, he merits leſs.

Conſt. Art thou that Rival then? O killing Shame!
And has he view'd me thus, ſo weak, ſo tame?
Like a ſcorn'd Captive proſtrate at his Side,
To grace his Triumph, and delight his Pride?
O 'tis too much! and Nature in Diſdain
Turns back from Death, and firing ev'ry Vein,
Reddens with Rage, and kindleſs Life again.
Be firm, my Soul, quick from this Scene remove,
Or Madneſs elſe may be too ſtrong for Love.
Spent as I am, and wearied with the Weight
Of burthening Life--- I could reverſe my Fate.
Thus planted--- ſtand thy everlaſting Bar----

[*Seizes him, holding a Dagger at his Breaſt,* AMADIS *does the ſame, each holding a Dagger ready to ſtrike.*

But for ORIANA's ſake 'tis better here.

[*Stabs*

[*Stabs himſelf*; AMADIS *throws away his Dagger, and ſupports him*; *they all help.*

Ori. Live, gen'rous Prince, ſuch Virtue ne'er ſhould die.

Conſt. I've liv'd enough, of all I wiſh, poſſeſt,
If dying --- I may leave ORIANA bleſt.
The laſt warm Drop forſakes my bleeding Heart:
Oh Love! how ſure a Murderer thou art. [*Dies.*

Ori. [*Weeping.*] There breaks the nobleſt Heart that ever burn'd
In Flames of Love, for ever to be mourn'd.

Ama. Laviſh to him, you wrong an equal Flame;
Had he been lov'd, my Heart had done the ſame.

Flor. Oh Emperor! all Ages muſt agree,
Such, but more happy, ſhou'd all Lovers be.

Urg. [*To* ORIANA.]
No Lover now throughout the World remains,
But AMADIS, deſerving of your Chains.
Remove that mournful Object from the Sight.
[*Carry off the Body.*
Ere yon bright Beams are ſhadow'd o'er with Night.
The ſtubborn King ſhall license your Delight;
The Torch, already bright with nuptial Fire,
Shall bring you to the Bridegroom you deſire;
And Honour, which ſo long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.
[*Flouriſh*

[*Flouriſh of all the Muſick. The Stage fills with Singers and Dancers, in the Habits of Heroes and Heroines.*

URGANDA conducts AMADIS, ORIANA, *&c.* to a Seat during the following Entertainment.

First Voice.

Make room for the Combat, make room;
Sound the Trumpet and Drum;
A fairer than VENUS *prepares*
To encounter a greater than MARS.
The Gods of Deſire take part in the Fray,
And Love ſits like JOVE, *to decide the great Day.*
Make room for the Combat, make room;
Sound the Trumpet and Drum.

Second Voice.

Give the Word to begin,
Let the Combatants in,
The Challenger enters all glorious;
But Love has decreed
Tho' Beauty may bleed,
Yet Beauty ſhall ſtill be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the Combat, make room;
Sound the Trumpet and Drum.

[Here two parties enter from the oppoſite ſides of the Theatre, arm'd at all Points, marching in warlike order.

order. And then dance ſeveral Pyrrick or Martial Dances, with Swords and Bucklers. Which ended, the Singers again advance.

To be Sung.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd Conqu'ror cries;
He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah me! he dies:
Gently ſhe tries to raiſe his Head,
And weeps, alas! to think him dead.
Sound, ſound a Charge, —— 'tis War again;
Again he fights, again is ſlain;
Again, again, help! help! ſhe cries,
He faints, he falls, help! help! ah me! he dies.

Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then Singers again come forward.

To be Sung.

Happy Pair,
Free from Care,
Enjoy the Bleſſing
Of ſweet Poſſeſſing;
Free from Care,
Happy Pair.
Love inviting,
Souls uniting;
Deſiring,
Expiring;

Enjoy.

Enjoy the Bleſſing
Of ſweet Poſſeſſing;
Free from Care,
Happy Pair.

Another Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then a full CHORUS of all the Voices and Inſtruments.

Be true, all ye Lovers, what'er you endure;
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how ſweet is the Cure!
In the Hour of Poſſeſſing,
So divine is the Bleſſing,
That one Moment's obtaining,
Pays an Age of Complaining.
Be true, all ye Lovers, what'er you endure
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how ſweet is the Cure!

[*Here follows variety of Dances, with which the Entertainment concluding.* AMADIS, ORIANA, &c. *riſe and come forward.*

Ama. So PHOEBUS mounts triumphant in the Skies,
The Clouds diſperſe, and gloomy Horror flies;
Darkneſs gives place to the victorious Light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Ori.

Ori. Our preſent Joys are ſweeter for paſt Pain;
To Love and Heav'n, by Suff'ring we attain.

Urg. Whate'er the Virtuous and the Juſt endure,
Slow the Reward may be, but always ſure.

[*A Triumphant Flouriſh of all the Inſtruments; with which the Play concludes.*

The End of the Fifth Act.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By the Right Honourable JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

WHEN ORPHEUS *tun'd his Pipe with pleasing Woe,*
Rivers forgot to run, and Winds to blow;
While list'ning Forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft Musician in a moving Shade.
That this Night's Strains the same Success may find,
The Force of Magick is to Beauty join'd:
Where sounding Strings, and artful Voices fail,
The charming Rod, and mutter'd Spells prevail.
Let sage URGANDA *wave the circling Wand*
On barren Mountains, or a Waste of Sand,
The Desart smiles, the Woods begin to grow,
The Birds to warble, and the Springs to flow.
The same dull Sights in the same Landskip mixt,
Scenes of Still Life, and Points for ever fixt,
A tedious Pleasure on the Mind bestow,
And pall the Sense with one continu'd Show:
But as our two Magicians try their Skill,
The Vision varies, tho' the Place stands still;

While

While the ſame Spot its gaudy Form renews,
Shifting the Proſpect to a thouſand Views.
Thus (without Unity of Place tranſgreſs'd)
Th' Enchanter turns the Critick to a Jeſt.
But howſoe'er to pleaſe your wand'ring Eyes.
Bright Objects diſappear, and brighter riſe:
There's none can make amends for loſt Delight,
*While from that Circle * we divert your Sight.*

* The Ladies.

The End of the firſt Volume.